The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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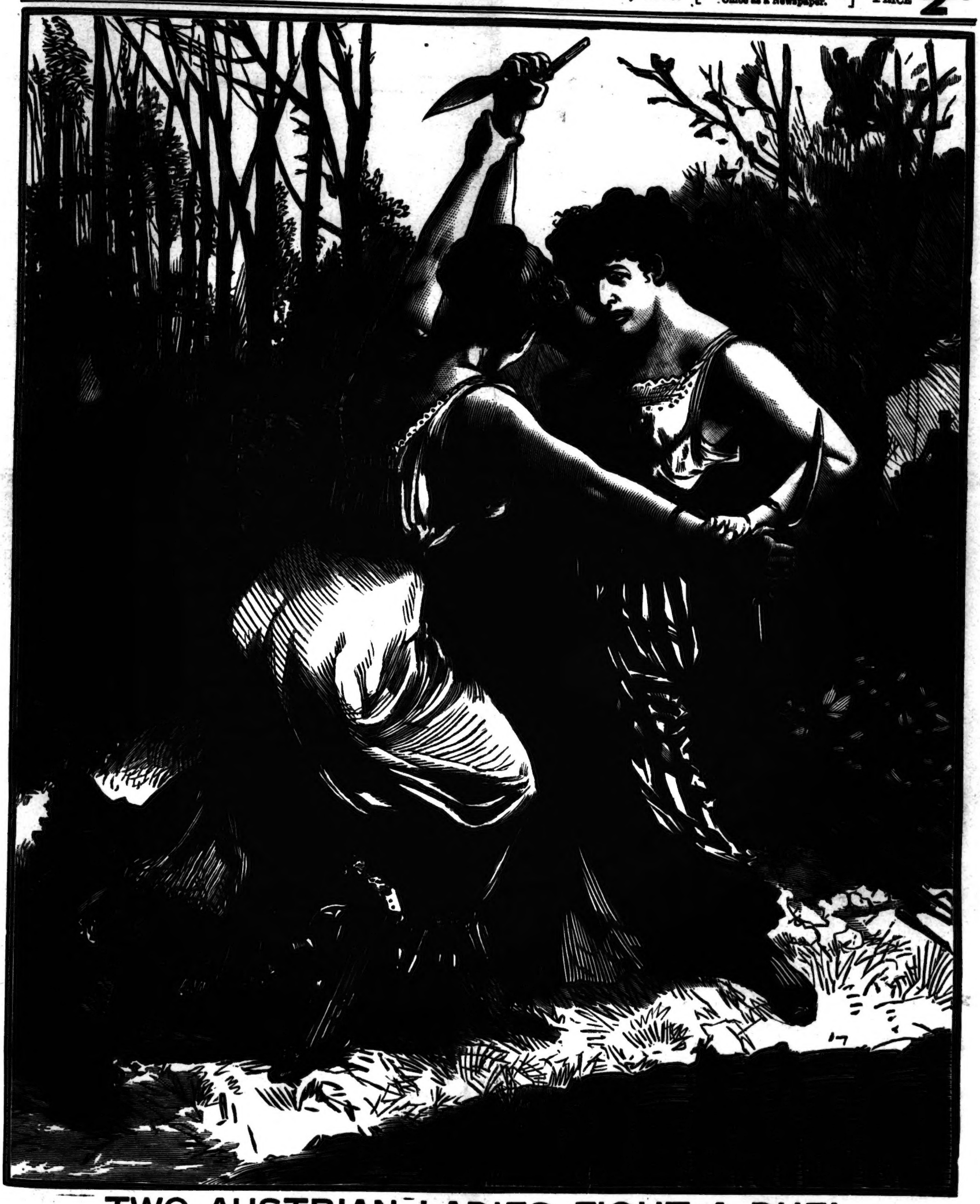

TWO AUSTRIAN LADIES FIGHT A DUEL.

One Wounded and Their Honour is Satisfied.

The Mirror of Life
A Graphic Illustrated Record of Sporting Events of the Week

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1900.

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. Singer.—There are several lady ball-punchers.

F. Good.—That race was declared void.

P. P.—Yes; in the old style.

F. S. A.—The committee reserve to themselves the right of refusing any entry.

U. T.—There is not a half-pound weight between them.

H. J. Romer.—You should receive it Saturday, first post.

T. Maunder.—Slavin and the "Cooler" contested at the Central Hall.

Spot.—1. The tables are made for cannon playing only. 2. No pockets. 3. Bloses the bet.

H. Walker.—Yes, he was born in Newcastle.

J. Fairchild.—No.

T. Roberts.—With a pace maker.

W. T.—1. The journey occupies three days and two hours. 2. The distance is 1,709 miles.

F. P.—1. Tom Sayers was champion from 1857 to 1860. 2. Of England only.

Sportsman (Tonyhefail).—Jem Corbett.

A. B. C.—Eleven stone ten pounds.

George Smith (Jamaica).—Charley Mitchell's height is 5ft. 8¼in., weight 12st.

C. Gill (Bramley, Leeds).—We do not know where you can purchase a copy.

Private Ryan (Frozepore, India).—The address of Harry Ware is White Swan, Hulcot, Northamptonshire.

Greyhound.—The Deutschland belongs to the Hamburg-American line, and her dimensions are as follows; burden, 16,500 tons; length, 686½ft; beam, 67 1-3ft; engines, 35,000 horse-power; daily coal consumption, 600 tons; greatest average speed, 23·02 knots. 2. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse belongs to a rival line, the North German Lloyd, and is not so large, being 14,349 tons burden; length, 648ft; beam, 66ft; engines, 28,000 horse-power; daily coal consumption, 500 tons; greatest average speed, 22·79 knots.

L. F.—The time given was 21hr 45min.

J. Richardson (Devonport).—Bob Fitzsimmons was in this country about four years ago, and visited South Wales and his native place, Cornwall. We don't know anything about the Cardiff exhibition.

W. T. Reilly.—Deerfoot covered twelve miles in 1hr 2min 2¼sec.

W. E.—The number of players is four.

J. Coburn.—He first came into prominence when he beat Peter Jackson.

Tom L. Williams.—The form has been sent as requested.

J. Waite.—It would be below the belt and would lead to disqualification.

R. O. S.—Points are given for attack, defence, guarding, slipping, ducking, counters, hitting, and getting away. 2. The man who does the most of the leading off.

W. Dempster.—1. Not at the distance you mention. 2. G. B. Tincler defeated F. E. Bacon over a mile, level. 3. No.

C. H. Logan.—1. Four threes and a nine count twenty-four. 2. "Nap," short for Napoleon.

F. J. Hardwick.—They boxed at 9st 2lb at the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club.

C. Burry.—1. He is another American jockey. 2. Said to be.

(Several Answers crowded out).

THE EXTINGUISHMENT OF SOME ANCIENT LIGHTS.

THE TAME ENCOUNTER BETWEEN CORFIELD AND PLIMMER.

SAMMY KELLY AND WILL CURLEY, AND MATCHES WE HAVE MADE.

There are so many worlds contained in this great sub-lunar sphere; and each one's manners and customs are so distinct that we do not wonder at a Bow Street magistrate, when a professor of the noble art, when doing something quite opposed to that art—throwing missiles from a house top—was described as a boxer, asking, with an air of the greatest simplicity, whether the term boxer meant a box-maker. Boxing is one of these many worlds—the world of sport—as distinct from other branches of athletics as the Chinese Boxer is to the Christian missionary. Now last week the boxing world met with a loss. No less than three of its members went over to the vast majority, and by an extraordinary coincidence the three were buried on the same day—Friday. The three members who have played their part in the boxing world, and left it, we hope, for another and a better one, were George Swanney (trainer), Jem Young, of Mile End (boxer), and Harry Tyson (pugilist). Swanney was a specimen of the latter-day trainer, an art which had died out when all pugilists worth their salt had left this country for America. We first remember George Swanney as assistant doorkeeper at Lambeth School at Arms to the then lessee, Bob Kirby, and doing a little—very little—boxing. No one was more surprised than ourselves when George Swanney blossomed out into a trainer of champions on an entirely novel system. We well recollect little Johnny Thomas, of Leather Lane, who was placed under Swanney's supervision, complaining to us and to his backers that he could not eat his food. "Why not?" he was asked. "Why, because Swanney won't let me even look at salt: Who can eat an egg without salt? Who can eat watercress without salt? Who can eat meat without salt? Well, I can't; and, what's more, I won't"; and in this case Swanney had to make a concession. It was one of the modern trainer's fads that salt induces thirst, but salt, when taken in moderation, is as necessary as food. The ancient trainer never left his charge; he was his very shadow, sleeping or waking, whereas the modern trainer would send his man out for his constitutional to pursue his own sweet will, while he prepared his bath, mostly a warm one (old trainers used the cold shower), for the lad in training when he might think proper to return. In the language of Shakespeare, take George Swanney for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

It is a good many years now since, at Joe Aaron's pub. at the corner of Jubilee Street, Mile End, we drew up the articles for Jem Young to fight Pearson ("Rough 'un," of Northampton) with knuckles, which Jem won. Jem Young had just come out of the army, and was a fine, smart fellow; but such was his inclination for the opposite sex that Jack Hicks, who was requisitioned to train him, threw up the job, so often, on amatory excursions bent, did Master James elude the veteran's control. Jem Young was a very showy sparrer, and was selected by the late manager Fleming to spar with Jem Smith at the Aquarium, when that hero was *the* champion of England, prior to his meeting Peter Jackson at the old Pelican. Strange to say, Jem Young was selected, after Jackson's defeat of Jem Smith, by "Parson" Davies to spar with Peter Jackson at the Aquarium and also in the provinces. In latter days Jem Young lent himself to the whisperers so often in evidence in Fleet Street on off race days. Then it was the old tale by the bearer up of the joint. "There's poor Jem Young, one of the best in his day, hasn't a mag. Give old Jem a dollar for the sake of old times." Sometimes the game was played lower still. "There's poor old Jem, had a fine lobster given to him, wants just a bit of silver to take it into a coffee shop to eat it with some bread and butter and coffee. Don't refuse old Jem."

The last of the trio that were buried in separate graves in separate cemeteries and with separate followings on this Friday in September was a man of very different calibre to the above, a pugilist of the old school, Harry Tyson. Tyson, who stood 6ft 1in, was called "Long Harry," and when he was opposed to Harry Poulson, the ballast heaver of Nottingham—Poulson stood but 5ft 7½in—such was the power of his blows that he nearly broke "Long Harry" in two. Apropos of this fight between Tyson and Poulson, we were stranded in the Mile End Road last Saturday, when who should we see acting the part of open air old iron merchant than Jack Hicks, whose first fight took place over fifty years ago. Jack's mission is to furnish all the iron appertaining to cart or horse. To say Jack was glad to see us would hardly meet the case, he was simply delighted, and we adjourned for refreshment to the house opposite his old iron store. "I went to Jem Young's funeral yesterday," said Jack. "Don't you know George Swanney and Harry Tyson were buried the same day?" "What! Harry Tyson dead? I seconded him when he fought Harry Poulson. Lord, what a mess Poulson did make of him to be sure. I seconded Tom Sayers when Tom fought Harry Poulson, which Poulson should have won. Sayers dropped so often that Mr. Dowling, the referee (the then editor of *Bell's Life*), told Sayers that if he dropped in that suspicious way again he should disqualify him. I should like another fight before I die," said Jack. Now, here was a man the very personification of the milk of human kindness, whose good nature had landed him from a prosperous tradesman to a gutter merchant, saying "I should like to have another fight before I die"—and this, too, at seventy-seven years of age. There was no ferocity in this remark; it was said by one of the good old breed who loved hard knocks from the mere fact of returning them. That good old breed has died with Harry Tyson, and few are left to demonstrate it. Good old Jack Hicks. You are like the "Last of Nelson's Agamemnons!"

The aggressiveness of a Terry McGovern was not seen in the Corfield v. Plimmer match. When Terry McGovern takes the ring Terry seems to say, "What cheek of you to come here and oppose me," and then throwing all the finesse of boxing to the winds he shows a bit of real old time fighting as opposed to present day boxing. It is a real treat to see Terry McGovern take the ring like a young lion shaking his mane in the shape of his long hair, but to see some of our British champions perform tame is not the word. The spectators are never wound up to excitement pitch, and when the twenty rounds is *un fait accompli* a sigh of relief goes up from the much-wearied spectators. We have often stated that if two lads mean business they can crowd all their fighting into three or four rounds. We have visited boxing matches where the contestants were said to be so equal that this match was to be for endurance, or rather to a finish. Directly we have seen the lads tamely posing we have spotted the winner at once if a little more devil could be infused into his composition. This was the case one Monday afternoon at a show given by Con Donovan; two lads who had previously fought draws were said to be so equal that the whole afternoon and part of the night was not considered long enough for these boys to contest. Fearing a raid by the police in the early part of the contest we asked Billy Herring, who was seconding the boxer we thought could win any time of asking, to send his man along. Billy Herring did so, and crowding his fighting into one round, when time was called the battle was over. There is nothing more tedious than the hit, stop, and do nothing kind of work among boxers. In the match Corfield v. Plimmer, Corfield was not strong enough to knock a hole in the proverbial pound of butter. He hit Plimmer when and where he liked, but his blows were not of the killing order. Had Plimmer been the Plimmer of other days this contest would not have ended in a draw; but Plimmer is as much like the Plimmer of old as a bit of Canadian Chedder is to the good old English Cheshire cheese which crumbled to pieces when cut, from its very richness, and we say of this what we said of the above fight, that had either Plimmer or Corfield been of the Terry McGovern breed, the match could have been ended in three rounds.

Our readers may have noticed a match of some importance in the boxing world, and have noted the articles which appeared in the last issue of The Mirror of Life. This is no less than a match made between Will Curley, of Newcastle, on the one part, and Sammy Kelly, of America, on the other. Before swimming has ceased and many of the baths relegated to the use of boxing, The Mirror of Life has been responsible for three international matches—Jack Everhardt v. Tom Ireland, the "Coffee Cooler," of England, v. George Gardiner, of America, and now Sammy Kelly, of America, v. Will Curley, of Newcastle, for £200 a-side and the largest purse offered. Both men are well known to fame in this country. Sammy Kelly won one of the most sensational battles of the period when matched with Billy Plimmer at the late Olympic Club, Birmingham. Billy Plimmer had won by an overwhelming number of points, but Sammy Kelly had one desperate alternative, and that was to chance being knocked out himself in order to put the spot stroke on the Brum. This came off in the penultimate round, and to the dismay of the layers of fabulous odds Sammy Kelly knocked out Billy Plimmer and snatched the battle from the fire. Will Curley is the cock of the north. The lad from Newcastle has learned a deal since he went out to America to meet the black lad George Dixon, who has been such a scourge to British boxers. The North-country people think Curley no end of a good lad, and we should not be surprised if the match should go to one of the northern boxing promoters. The Mirror of Life appoints timekeeper and referee. The following are the articles:—

Entered into this twelfth day of September, 1900, between Will Curley, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Sammy Kelly, of New York, wherein they agree to box twenty rounds at eight stone ten pounds, with four ounce gloves, for the largest purse offered, and £200 a-side, divided as follows:—Winner £75 per cent., loser £25 per cent. each for training expenses. The contest to take place at club offering largest purse on
The men to be in the ring between eight and ten o'clock, and to weigh at two o'clock on day of contest. In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these articles the referee to have full power and authority to decide such question, his decision to be final, conclusive, and subject to no appeal in any court of law. Either man not trying to be disqualified, and the man disqualified to receive no part of the purse given. The referee, judges, and timekeeper to be appointed by The Mirror of Life. To guarantee our appearance as specified above we each hereby agree to deposit the sum of £25 in the hands of The Mirror of Life. The one failing to comply with these conditions to forfeit said deposit to his opponent.

Sammy Kelly (William Jenkins) } Signatures.
Will Curley }
Witnesses { David Joseph.
T. Southall.

DEPARTURE OF JEM CORBETT.

Scarcely is Jem Corbett in our midst than Jem Corbett has departed. Like a shadow Jem came, and like a shadow Jem departs.

> The Duke of York with twenty thousand men
> Walked up the hill and then walked down again,

once upon a time wrote a satirist, and Jem Corbett has done about the same. No sooner does he arrive than he departs. Jem leaves his pal Billy Considine simply because there is a difference of opinion on the behaviour of Corbett's wife. If Jem Corbett had been an amorous man we should have thought he was beguiled to Europe by youth and beauty; but, as we all know, Jem is almost a misogamist, and that he has youth and beauty at home in the shape of a wife, that could not have been the cause of Jem's all too short a stay in England. Jem simply waited at the Hotel Cecil long enough to obtain the American mails, and then finding how cruelly he has been aspersed during his absence, he immediately made tracks for New York under an assumed name, in order to bring actions against those papers which have accused James of being a light o' love and a runaway. Jem Corbett on board ship was very much like the ostrich. Under an assumed name Jem believed he had lost his identity—championships of the world with portraits in every illustrated paper destroy this—so when someone who recognised him cried, "Hullo,

Jem," Jem put on side, and said his name was Frank, and almost succeeded in bluffing his interlocutor into the belief that he had made a mistake. Although Jem is said to be returning in hot haste to prosecute the papers and to show a good wife a good husband, it is said Jem saw an advertisement in the agony column of one of the London papers headed thus: "Darling Jem, think of the happy days and nights we have spent in company. Think of the happy days and nights we yet may spend, together. Return, and all will be forgiven.' There are no folks like the old folks apparently, and Jem packed up and went, leaving Billy Considine lamenting. We do not think much credit can be attached to the above story, for first and foremost Jem did not run away from his wife. He simply wished for change of scene, and visited Europe to fix up a match with Bob Fitzsimmons for a £10,000 purse. Perish the thought that Jem should have run away with a young and charming actress. Has not Jem a wife, and is he not, as we have said above, almost a misogynist, a confirmed hater of all women except Mrs. Corbett?

BURGE v. EVERHARDT.

After the polite letter writer had been in evidence, and a fount of the *S. L.'s* largest type had been used, this match, from which so much was expected, has ended in smoke. If Burge was so desirous of meeting Everhardt why did he not come to his terms? Better men than Dick Burge have fought for one hundred, and if Burge was dying for a fight why not fight for a century? Certainly Everhardt advertised to meet Burge for £200, but then apparently he had not consulted his backer, "Jolly Jumbo," who would not speculate more than £100. We don't suppose it would pay a boxer who rents a suite of apartments at a private hotel, and eats and drinks the best of everything, to fight for £100 a-side; and it passes our comprehension why Burge wants to fight at all. Bookmakers are such a timid lot that if it came to the worst Burge could earn more than a professional man by standing up for a bookmaker's joint. Fancy a big stalwart bookie employing a midget boxer at a pound a day to look after the joint. Dick, be advised by one who knows. Stick to horseracing. You are not such a flyer at fighting that persons should fall over each other in a desire to back you. We notice among the company assembled at the attempt to make the Burge v. Everhardt match a man offering money to make the match for £200 whose very presence lent a bad odour to a contest which was never meant, and with whom some people would not be seen squatting in a ten acre field.

KNIVES USED FOR A DEADLY PURPOSE.

Two School Assistants Come to Blows and Fight With Cold Steel.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two young men, assistant schoolmasters, attacked each other with knives, and before they could be separated they had inflicted on each other many ugly cuts, and the blood flowed freely, making the gory couple a hideous picture. Of course, as usual, when explanations were forthcoming the name of a young lady was freely mentioned, and it was on her account the pair, instead of putting up their "dukes" to settle the question, secretly carried knives, with which they fought. The sequel is that the young lady has now jilted both.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Ernie Plummer (champion ball puncher of the world).
Bill Pike.
Johnny Thomas.
Professor Callahan.
George Curtis.
G. Kirk (jockey).
Jack Everhardt.
Herr Schubert.
Owen Kenny.
George Gardiner.
Charles Dietrich.
Charley Mannering (Chatham).
Ted Mortimer.
Bert North.
R. Hardie.
Phil Phillips (Sec, Carnival, Kensington).
Jem Cooke (Oxford)
Young Frisky (Tottenham).
Frank Heffernan (nephew to Bill Heffernan).

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, September 15, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

THERE will be boxing in New York City before the passage of another boxing bill, if the present plans of managers are carried out. It's a big "if," but, judging from their arguments, the sport of the squared circle will begin at not a later date than the second week of November. "Before the Horton bill was passed," said a big boxing promoter yesterday, whose name is kept secret because he requested it, "boxing was permitted in New York. All that was required was a permit from the police authorities. Then any club or person who could induce the police to grant them a license carried on a boxing show. Under that rule such clubs as the old Manhattan A.C., the Polo A.C., the National Sporting Club, and the New York A.C., held bouts, and the sport thrived just as much as it did during the past two years. Then the Horton law came. It did nothing more than legalise the sport from a State standpoint, and limited the holding of bouts to legitimate clubs, incorporated under the State law and having club-houses of their own. Police interference in bouts was prohibited by that measure, and such duty ended when the head of the department furnished the license. The Lewis bill on its face was merely the work of soreheads, and its chief object was to wipe the Horton law from the statute books, but the old rule permitting boxing previously, I guess is still there. The provisions of the Lewis law have been looked carefully over, and many loopholes have been discovered. What they are cannot be stated just now. Directly after election the game will begin, and it is probably the old club-houses will resume their weekly bouts. Whether or not those between big men will be allowed is not known. Under the old rule they were prohibited, but time will better tell of matters relative to that question. But fighting will be resumed in November. Of that there is a certainty, and the best bouts will again take place in New York." The promoter who recited the foregoing was prominently connected with the sport during the existence of the Horton law. The story is printed for what it may be worth. At Waterbury, Conn., Saturday afternoon, Jeffrey Thorne, the famous English boxer, met Robert Fitzsimmons, the man who wants to whip Jeffries, at the Athletic Field. The occasion of their meeting was a ball game between the Waterbury and Bristol teams of the Connecticut State League. Fitz was the umpire on the field attired in an alpine straw and a blue suit. As an umpire he was not as clever as some of his friends claim him to be. The Waterbury Club won by the score of 20 to 5, chiefly due to Fitz. Fitzsimmons boxed three rounds with Thorne, and in the last round the pair boxed for fair, and Thorne's nose began to run blood. He retaliated, and the man who says he can lick Jeffries put it all over his sparring partner. Thorne was knocked down with a punch on the jaw, and put out of business, so much so that it was thought that a physician's services were necessary. The crowd on the grand stand cheered the famous fighter, and in response he doffed his hat. Thorne was taken to the Scovel House, and recovered after he had been treated by a massage operator. He says that he will never spar with Fitz again.

Ten thousand devotees of pugilism gathered at Tattersall's, Chicago, last Tuesday night, to see the first fights of the season. The first "go" was between Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, and Morris Rauch, of Chicago. The boys put up a rattling give-and-take mill, going the limit to a draw. The battle between Hugh McPadden, of Brooklyn, and Billy Rotchford, of Chicago, was a slugging match in every round, in which McPadden seemed to have the better of it in the opinion of almost everybody; but Referee Siler gave the decision to the Chicago man. His verdict almost precipitated a riot. The third bout was between Clarence Forbes, of Chicago, and Johnny Reagan, of Brooklyn, at catch-weights. Reagan was the aggressor throughout, and got the decision at the end of the sixth round. "Buddy" Ryan made a good showing in his contest with Tommy Sullivan, of Brooklyn, but the best he could get from the referee after six rounds of terrific milling, in which blood flowed freely, was a draw. The fight was the most spirited affair of the evening. Dal Hawkins, of California, and the widely-heralded comer, Jim Popp, of Toronto, mixed matters in lively fashion for six rounds. Hawkins forced the fighting from the call of time, and though he frequently had the Canadian going he could not land a knock-out blow. Hawkins received the decision. The bout between Harry Conners and Billy Stift, both of Chicago, at 168lb was declared a draw.

There will be another invasion of the English turf next year. The Messrs. Keene have decided to send all their horses to the other side. They will be shipped soon after the regular season of racing is over in this State, or early in the spring. This move is contingent on the consent of one man—James Rowe. If the Messrs. Keene's clever trainer will go the stable will be shipped surely. Foxhall Keene, an excellent horseman, has long desired to have the "white blue spots" represented in England by a first-class lot of thoroughbreds. Ever since the success of Foxhall as a three-year-old—the best horse in England that year, critics claimed—young Keene has been most anxious to duplicate his namesake's successes. This season's crop of two-year-olds by Domino have proved so exceptionally good that the desired quality of horses for the trip are in evidence. This favourable condition, and the recent trouble over the result of the Flatbush Stakes at Sheepshead Bay, have decided matters. James Rowe holds the trump card in this movement, however. Unless he is willing to go and look after the horses in England it is probable that the proposed trip will be called off. The Messrs. Keene have had experience galore with English trainers, but they desire the man who has proved his ability for years with them. Not that they believe English trainers incompetent; it is simply unbounded faith in James Rowe. The latter has had great success with Voter, the best sprinter in America, while the English trainers were such signal failures with him that he never won a race while in their hands. The Messrs. Keene are afraid of like failures with their other horses unless Rowe goes with them. If Rowe goes it will simply be through a desire for a change of scene. The monetary consideration would not appeal to him. He is a very rich man. He made the greater portion of his wealth as a trainer, but he increased it materially through fortunate theatrical speculations. He is not a Nomad in disposition; on the contrary, he loves his home. The fact that Trainer John Huggins, one of his best friends, is in England, may have some weight with him when he is asked to decide whether the horses shall go or remain at home. Tom O'Rourke, manager of Tom Sharkey, will no longer look after the affairs of the ex-sailor heavy-weight, for he announced last night that he had decided to let Sharkey manage himself in the future. For many months, it is said, O'Rourke and Sharkey have had numerous kicks. When the story was circulated a few months ago that Sharkey had left O'Rourke, and would be managed by Jack Dougherty, O'Rourke boiled up, and declared the sailor would fight under his management or not at all, as his contract with him would prevent him from fighting in New York State under any other manager. This was the starting of the trouble between O'Rourke and Sharkey, and since that time they have had frequent quarrels, which no doubt have been responsible for O'Rourke's refusing to manage the "ship ahoy" fighter another year.

THE TATTLER.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

Miss Vesta Victoria.
J. Gans (two).
Ben Harris (two postcards. Important).
Sam Fitzpatrick.
George Campbell.
James Corbett (America).
Bobby Dobbs (three).
"Greek" George.
J. W. Abbott.
Frank Leon (two).
Thomas Hogan (two).
Ernie Greaves.
H. Chance Newton.
Claude Thompson.
A. McDonald.
C. McCoy.
Jem Holloway.
Billy Ross.
J. Corbett.
George Slark.
Jem Hall
Robert Fitzsimmons (two).
Alec Hurley.
Billy Plimmer.
P. Gorman.
Driver Pincher.
Charles Connolly.
Peter Quinn.
George Kirk.
R. Josephs.

FRED KARNO AND CO. ARE APPEARing at Collins's with much success in a sketch entitled "Early Birds."

"THE SHIELD OF DAVID" MET with tremendous success last week at Hammersmith. J. Lawson is now in the provinces, but will open at the Camberwell and Paragon on his return.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. he thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

The Mirror of Life
A COMPLETE PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Published Weekly by
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13 WEEKS 13

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post. "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. SINGER.—There are several lady ball-punchers.
F. GOOD.—That race was declared void.
P. P.—Yes; in the old style.
F. S. A.—The committee reserve to themselves the right of refusing any entry.
U. T.—There is not a half-pound weight between them.
H. J. ROMER.—You should receive it Saturday, first post.
T. MAUNDER.—Slavin and the "Cooler" contested at the Central Hall.
SPOT.—1. The tables are made for cannon playing only. 2. No pockets. 3. Bloses the bet.
H. WALKER.—Yes, he was born in Newcastle.
J. FAIRCHILD.—No.
T. ROBERTS.—With a pace maker.
W. T.—1. The journey occupies three days and two hours. 2. The distance is 1,709 miles.
F. F.—1. Tom Sayers was champion from 1857 to 1860. 2. Of England only.
SPORTSMAN (Tonyhefail).—Jem Corbett.
A. B. C.—Eleven stone ten pounds.
GEORGE SMITH (Jamaica).—Charley Mitchell's height is 5ft. 8¼in., weight 12st.
C. GILL (Bramley, Leeds).—We do not know where you can purchase a copy.
PRIVATE RYAN (Frozepore, India).—The address of Harry Ware is White Swan, Hulcot, Northamptonshire.
GREYHOUND.—The Deutschland belongs to the Hamburg-American line, and her dimensions are as follows; burden, 16,500 tons; length, 686½ft; beam, 67 1-3ft; engines, 35,000 horse-power; daily coal consumption, 600 tons; greatest average speed, 23·02 knots. 2. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse belongs to a rival line, the North German Lloyd, and is not so large, being 14,349 tons burden; length, 648ft; beam, 66ft; engines, 28,000 horse-power; daily coal consumption, 500 tons; greatest average speed, 22·79 knots.
L. F.—The time given was 21hr 45min.
J. RICHARDSON (Devonport).—Bob Fitzsimmons was in this country about four years ago, and visited South Wales and his native place, Cornwall. We don't know anything about the Cardiff exhibition.
W. T. REILLY.—Deerfoot covered twelve miles in 1hr 2min 2⅘sec.
W. E.—The number of players is four.
J. COBURN.—He first came into prominence when he beat Peter Jackson.
TOM L. WILLIAMS.—The form has been sent as requested.
J. WAITE.—It would be below the belt and would lead to disqualification.
R. O. S.—Points are given for attack, defence, guarding, slipping, ducking, counters, hitting, and getting away. 2. The man who does the most of the leading off.
W. DEMPSTER.—1. Not at the distance you mention. 2. G. B. Tincler defeated F. E. Bacon over a mile, level. 3. No.
C. H. LOGAN.—1. Four threes and a nine count twenty-four. 2. "Nap," short for Napoleon.
F. J. HARDWICK.—They boxed at 9st 2lb at the Stalybridge Gymnastic Club.
C. BURRY.—1. He is another American jockey. 2. Said to be.

Several Answers crowded out.

THE EXTINGUISHMENT OF SOME ANCIENT LIGHTS.

THE TAME ENCOUNTER BETWEEN CORFIELD AND PLIMMER.

SAMMY KELLY AND WILL CURLEY, AND MATCHES WE HAVE MADE.

THERE are so many worlds contained in this great sub-lunar sphere; and each one's manners and customs are so distinct that we do not wonder at a Bow Street magistrate, when a professor of the noble art, when doing something quite opposed to that art—throwing missiles from a house top—was described as a boxer, asking, with an air of the greatest simplicity, whether the term boxer meant a box-maker. Boxing is one of these many worlds—the world of sport—as distinct from other branches of athletics as the Chinese Boxer is to the Christian missionary. Now last week the boxing world met with a loss. No less than three of its members went over to the vast majority, and by an extraordinary coincidence the three were buried on the same day—Friday. The three members who have played their part in the boxing world, and left it, we hope, for another and a better one, were George Swanney (trainer), Jem Young, of Mile End (boxer), and Harry Tyson (pugilist). Swanney was a specimen of the latter-day trainer, an art which had died out when all pugilists worth their salt had left this country for America. We first remember George Swanney as assistant doorkeeper at Lambeth School at Arms to the then lessee, Bob Kirby, and doing a little—very little—boxing. No one was more surprised than ourselves when George Swanney blossomed out into a trainer of champions on an entirely novel system. We well recollect little Johnny Thomas, of Leather Lane, who was placed under Swanney's supervision, complaining to us and to his backers that he could not eat his food. "Why not?" he was asked. "Why, because Swanney won't let me even look at salt: Who can eat an egg without salt? Who can eat watercress without salt? Who can eat meat without salt? Well, I can't; and, what's more, I won't"; and in this case Swanney had to make a concession. It was one of the modern trainer's fads that salt induces thirst, but salt, when taken in moderation, is as necessary as food. The ancient trainer never left his charge; he was his very shadow, sleeping or waking, whereas the modern trainer would send his man out for his constitutional to pursue his own sweet will, while he prepared his bath, mostly a warm one (old trainers used the cold shower), for the lad in training when he might think proper to return. In the language of Shakespeare, take George Swanney for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

It is a good many years now since, at Joe Aaron's pub. at the corner of Jubilee Street, Mile End, we drew up the articles for Jem Young to fight Pearson ("Rough 'un," of Northampton) with knuckles, which Jem won. Jem Young had just come out of the army, and was a fine, smart fellow; but such was his inclination for the opposite sex that Jack Hicks, who was requisitioned to train him, threw up the job, so often, on amatory excursions bent, did Master James elude the veteran's control. Jem Young was a very showy sparrer, and was selected by the late manager Fleming to spar with Jem Smith at the Aquarium, when that hero was *the* champion of England, prior to his meeting Peter Jackson at the old Pelican. Strange to say, Jem Young was selected, after Jackson's defeat of Jem Smith, by "Parson" Davies to spar with Peter Jackson at the Aquarium and also in the provinces. In latter days Jem Young lent himself to the whisperers so often in evidence in Fleet Street on off race days. Then it was the old tale by the bearer up of the joint. "There's poor Jem Young, one of the best in his day, hasn't a mag. Give old Jem a dollar for the sake of old times." Sometimes the game was played lower still. "There's poor old Jem, had a fine lobster given to him, wants just a bit of silver to take it into a coffee shop to eat it with some bread and butter and coffee. Don't refuse old Jem."

The last of the trio that were buried in separate graves in separate cemeteries and with separate followings on this Friday in September was a man of very different calibre to the above, a pugilist of the old school, Harry Tyson. Tyson, who stood 6ft 1in, was called "Long Harry," and when he was opposed to Harry Poulson, the ballast heaver of Nottingham—Poulson stood but 5ft 7½in—such was the power of his blows that he nearly broke "Long Harry" in two. Apropos of this fight between Tyson and Poulson, we were stranded in the Mile End Road last Saturday, when who should we see acting the part of open air old iron merchant than Jack Hicks, whose first fight took place over fifty years ago. Jack's mission is to furnish all the iron appertaining to cart or horse. To say Jack was glad to see us would hardly meet the case, he was simply delighted, and we adjourned for refreshment to the house opposite his old iron store. "I went to Jem Young's funeral yesterday," said Jack. "Don't you know George Swanney and Harry Tyson were buried the same day?" "What! Harry Tyson dead? I seconded him when he fought Harry Poulson. Lord, what a mess Poulson did make of him to be sure. I seconded Tom Sayers when Tom fought Harry Poulson, which Poulson should have won. Sayers dropped so often that Mr. Dowling, the referee (the then editor of *Bell's Life*), told Sayers that if he dropped in that suspicious way again he should disqualify him. I should like another fight before I die," said Jack. Now, here was a man the very personification of the milk of human kindness, whose good nature had landed him from a prosperous tradesman to a gutter merchant, saying "I should like to have another fight before I die"—and this, too, at seventy-seven years of age. There was no ferocity in this remark; it was said by one of the good old breed who loved hard knocks from the mere fact of returning them. That good old breed has died with Harry Tyson, and few are left to demonstrate it. Good old Jack Hicks. You are like the "Last of Nelson's Agamemnons!"

The aggressiveness of a Terry McGovern was not seen in the Corfield v. Plimmer match. When Terry McGovern takes the ring Terry seems to say, "What cheek of you to come here and oppose me," and then throwing all the finesse of boxing to the winds he shows a bit of real old time fighting as opposed to present day boxing. It is a real treat to see Terry McGovern take the ring like a young lion shaking his mane in the shape of his long hair, but to see some of our British champions perform tame is not the word. The spectators are never wound up to excitement pitch, and when the twenty rounds is *un fait accompli* a sigh of relief goes up from the much-wearied spectators. We have often stated that if two lads mean business they can crowd all their fighting into three or four rounds. We have visited boxing matches where the contestants were said to be so equal that this match was to be for endurance, or rather to a finish. Directly we have seen the lads tamely posing we have spotted the winner at once if a little more devil could be infused into his composition. This was the case one Monday afternoon at a show given by Con Donovan; two lads who had previously fought draws were said to be so equal that the whole afternoon and part of the night was not considered long enough for these boys to contest. Fearing a raid by the police in the early part of the contest we asked Billy Herring, who was seconding the boxer we thought could win any time of asking, to send his man along. Billy Herring did so, and crowding his fighting into one round, when time was called the battle was over. There is nothing more tedious than the hit, stop, and do nothing kind of work among boxers. In the match Corfield v. Plimmer, Corfield was not strong enough to knock a hole in the proverbial pound of butter. He hit Plimmer when and where he liked, but his blows were not of the killing order. Had Plimmer been the Plimmer of other days this contest would not have ended in a draw; but Plimmer is as much like the Plimmer of old as a bit of Canadian Chedder is to the good old English Cheshire cheese which crumbled to pieces when cut, from its very richness, and we say of this what we said of the above fight, that had either Plimmer or Corfield been of the Terry McGovern breed, the match could have been ended in three rounds.

Our readers may have noticed a match of some importance in the boxing world, and have noted the articles which appeared in the last issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE. This is no less than a match made between Will Curley, of Newcastle, on the one part, and Sammy Kelly, of America, on the other. Before swimming has ceased and many of the baths relegated to the use of boxing, THE MIRROR OF LIFE has been responsible for three international matches—Jack Everhardt v. Tom Ireland, the "Coffee Cooler," of England, v. George Gardiner, of America, and now Sammy Kelly, of America, v. Will Curley, of Newcastle, for £200 a-side and the largest purse offered. Both men are well known to fame in this country. Sammy Kelly won one of the most sensational battles of the period when matched with Billy Plimmer at the late Olympic Club, Birmingham. Billy Plimmer had won by an overwhelming number of points, but Sammy Kelly had one desperate alternative, and that was to chance being knocked out himself in order to put the spot stroke on the Brum. This came off in the penultimate round, and to the dismay of the layers of fabulous odds Sammy Kelly knocked out Billy Plimmer and snatched the battle from the fire. Will Curley is the cock of the north. The lad from Newcastle has learned a deal since he went out to America to meet the black lad George Dixon, who has been such a scourge to British boxers. The North-country people think Curley no end of a good lad, and we should not be surprised if the match should go to one of the northern boxing promoters. THE MIRROR OF LIFE appoints timekeeper and referee. The following are the articles:—

Entered into this twelfth day of September, 1900, between Will Curley, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Sammy Kelly, of New York, wherein they agree to box twenty rounds at eight stone ten pounds, with four ounce gloves, for the largest purse offered, and £200 a-side, divided as follows:—Winner £75 per cent., loser £25 per cent. each for training expenses. The contest to take place at club offering largest purse on The men to be in the ring between eight and ten o'clock, and to weigh at two o'clock on day of contest. In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these articles the referee to have full power and authority to decide such question, his decision to be final, conclusive, and subject to NO APPEAL in any court of law. Either man NOT TRYING to be disqualified, and the man disqualified to receive no part of the purse given. The referee, judges, and timekeeper to be appointed by THE MIRROR OF LIFE. To guarantee our appearance as specified above we each hereby agree to deposit the sum of £25 in the hands of THE MIRROR OF LIFE. The one failing to comply with these conditions to forfeit said deposit to his opponent.

SAMMY KELLY (William Jenkins) } Signatures.
WILL CURLEY }
Witnesses { DAVID JOSEPH.
T. SOUTHALL.

DEPARTURE OF JEM CORBETT.

SCARCELY is Jem Corbett in our midst than Jem Corbett has departed. Like a shadow Jem came, and like a shadow Jem departs.

> The Duke of York with twenty thousand men
> Walked up the hill and then walked down again,

once upon a time wrote a satirist, and Jem Corbett has done about the same. No sooner does he arrive than he departs. Jem leaves his pal Billy Considine simply because there is a difference of opinion on the behaviour of Corbett's wife. If Jem Corbett had been an amorous man we should have thought he was beguiled to Europe by youth and beauty; but, as we all know, Jem is almost a misogamist, and that he has youth and beauty at home in the shape of a wife, that could not have been the cause of Jem's all too short a stay in England. Jem simply waited at the Hotel Cecil long enough to obtain the American mails, and then finding how cruelly he has been aspersed during his absence, he immediately made tracks for New York under an assumed name, in order to bring actions against those papers which have accused James of being a light o' love and a runaway. Jem Corbett on board ship was very much like the ostrich. Under an assumed name Jem believed he had lost his identity—championships of the world with portraits in every illustrated paper destroy this—so when someone who recognised him cried, "Hullo,

Jem," Jem put on side, and said his name was Frank, and almost succeeded in bluffing his interlocutor into the belief that he had made a mistake. Although Jem is said to be returning in hot haste to prosecute the papers and to show a good wife a good husband, it is said Jem saw an advertisement in the agony column of one of the London papers headed thus: "Darling Jem, think of the happy days and nights we have spent in company. Think of the happy days and nights we yet may spend, together. Return, and all will be forgiven.' There are no folks like the old folks apparently, and Jem packed up and went, leaving Billy Considine lamenting. We do not think much credit can be attached to the above story, for first and foremost Jem did not run away from his wife. He simply wished for change of scene, and visited Europe to fix up a match with Bob Fitzsimmons for a £10,000 purse. Perish the thought that Jem should have run away with a young and charming actress. Has not Jem a wife, and is he not, as we have said above, almost a misogynist, a confirmed hater of all women except Mrs. Corbett?

BURGE v. EVERHARDT.

After the polite letter writer had been in evidence, and a fount of the *S. L.'s* largest type had been used, this match, from which so much was expected, has ended in smoke. If Burge was so desirous of meeting Everhardt why did he not come to his terms? Better men than Dick Burge have fought for one hundred, and if Burge was dying for a fight why not fight for a century? Certainly Everhardt advertised to meet Burge for £200, but then apparently he had not consulted his backer, "Jolly Jumbo," who would not speculate more than £100. We don't suppose it would pay a boxer who rents a suite of apartments at a private hotel, and eats and drinks the best of everything, to fight for £100 a-side; and it passes our comprehension why Burge wants to fight at all. Bookmakers are such a timid lot that if it came to the worst Burge could earn more than a professional man by standing up for a bookmaker's joint. Fancy a big stalwart bookie employing a midget boxer at a pound a day to look after the joint. Dick, be advised by one who knows. Stick to horseracing. You are not such a flyer at fighting that persons should fall over each other in a desire to back you. We notice among the company assembled at the attempt to make the Burge v. Everhardt match a man offering money to make the match for £200 whose very presence lent a bad odour to a contest which was never meant, and with whom some people would not be seen squatting in a ten acre field.

KNIVES USED FOR A DEADLY PURPOSE.

Two School Assistants Come to Blows and Fight With Cold Steel.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two young men, assistant schoolmasters, attacked each other with knives, and before they could be separated they had inflicted on each other many ugly cuts, and the blood flowed freely, making the gory couple a hideous picture. Of course, as usual, when explanations were forthcoming the name of a young lady was freely mentioned, and it was on her account the pair, instead of putting up their "dukes" to settle the question, secretly carried knives, with which they fought. The sequel is that the young lady has now jilted both.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Ernie Plummer (champion ball puncher of the world).
Bill Pike.
Johnny Thomas.
Professor Callahan.
George Curtis.
G. Kirk (jockey).
Jack Everhardt.
Herr Schubert.
Owen Kenny.
George Gardiner.
Charles Dietrich.
Charley Mannering (Chatham).
Ted Mortimer.
Bert North.
R. Hardie.
Phil Phillips (Sec, Carnival, Kensington).
Jem Cooke (Oxford)
Young Frisky (Tottenham).
Frank Heffernan (nephew to Bill Heffernan).

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, September 15, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

THERE will be boxing in New York City before the passage of another boxing bill, if the present plans of managers are carried out. It's a big "if," but, judging from their arguments, the sport of the squared circle will begin at not a later date than the second week of November. "Before the Horton bill was passed," said a big boxing promoter yesterday, whose name is kept secret because he requested it, "boxing was permitted in New York. All that was required was a permit from the police authorities. Then any club or person who could induce the police to grant them a license carried on a boxing show. Under that rule such clubs as the old Manhattan A.C., the Polo A.C., the National Sporting Club, and the New York A.C., held bouts, and the sport thrived just as much as it did during the past two years. Then the Horton law came. It did nothing more than legalise the sport from a State standpoint, and limited the holding of bouts to legitimate clubs, incorporated under the State law and having club-houses of their own. Police interference in bouts was prohibited by that measure, and such duty ended when the head of the department furnished the license. The Lewis bill on its face was merely the work of soreheads, and its chief object was to wipe the Horton law from the statute books, but the old rule permitting boxing previously. I guess is still there. The provisions of the Lewis law have been looked carefully over, and many loopholes have been discovered. What they are cannot be stated just now. Directly after election the game will begin, and it is probably the old club-houses will resume their weekly bouts. Whether or not those between big men will be allowed is not known. Under the old rule they were prohibited, but time will better tell of matters relative to that question. But fighting will be resumed in November. Of that there is a certainty, and the best bouts will again take place in New York." The promoter who recited the foregoing was prominently connected with the sport during the existence of the Horton law. The story is printed for what it may be worth. At Waterbury, Conn., Saturday afternoon, Jeffrey Thorne, the famous English boxer, met Robert Fitzsimmons, the man who wants to whip Jeffries, at the Athletic Field. The occasion of their meeting was a ball game between the Waterbury and Bristol teams of the Connecticut State League. Fitz was the umpire on the field, attired in an alpine straw and a blue suit. As an umpire he was not as clever as some of his friends claim him to be. The Waterbury Club won by the score of 20 to 5, chiefly due to Fitz. Fitzsimmons boxed three rounds with Thorne, and in the last round the pair boxed for fair, and Thorne's nose began to run blood. He retaliated, and the man who says he can lick Jeffries put it all over his sparring partner. Thorne was knocked down with a punch on the jaw, and put out of business, so much so that it was thought that a physician's services were necessary. The crowd on the grand stand cheered the famous fighter, and in response he doffed his hat. Thorne was taken to the Scovel House, and recovered after he had been treated by a massage operator. He says that he will never spar with Fitz again.

Ten thousand devotees of pugilism gathered at Tattersall's, Chicago, last Tuesday night, to see the first fights of the season. The first "go" was between Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, and Morris Rauch, of Chicago. The boys put up a rattling give-and-take mill, going the limit to a draw. The battle between Hugh McPadden, of Brooklyn, and Billy Rotchford, of Chicago, was a slugging match in every round, in which McPadden seemed to have the better of it in the opinion of almost everybody; but Referee Siler gave the decision to the Chicago man. His verdict almost precipitated a riot. The third bout was between Clarence Forbes, of Chicago, and Johnny Reagan, of Brooklyn, at catch-weights. Reagan was the aggressor throughout, and got the decision at the end of the sixth round. "Buddy" Ryan made a good showing in his contest with Tommy Sullivan, of Brooklyn, but the best he could get from the referee after six rounds of terrific milling, in which blood flowed freely, was a draw. The fight was the most spirited affair of the evening. Dal Hawkins, of California, and the widely-heralded comer, Jim Popp, of Toronto, mixed matters in lively fashion for six rounds. Hawkins forced the fighting from the call of time, and t ugh he frequently had the Canadian going he could not land a knock-out blow. Hawkins received the decision. Th bout between Harry Conners and Billy Stift, both of Chicago, at 168lb was declared a draw.

There will be another invasion of the English turf next year. The Messrs. Keene hav decided to send all their horses to the oth r side. They will be shipped soon after the regular season of racing is over in this State, or early in the spring. This move is contingent on the consent of one man—James Rowe. If the Messrs. Keene's clever trainer will go the stable will be shipped surely. Foxhall Keene, an excellent horseman, has long desired to have the "white blue spots" represented in England by a first-class lot of thoroughbreds. Ever since the success of Foxhall as a three-year-old—the best horse in England that year, critics claimed—young Keene has been most anxious to duplicate his namesake's successes. This season's crop of two-year-olds by Domino have proved so exceptionally good that the desired quality of horses for the trip are in evidence. This favourable condition, and the recent trouble over the result of the Flatbush Stakes at Sheepshead Bay, have decided matters. James Rowe holds the trump card in this movement, however. Unless he is willing to go and look after the horses in England it is probable that the proposed trip will be called off. The Messrs. Keene have had experience galore with English trainers, but they desire the man who has proved his ability for years with them. Not that they believe English trainers incompetent; it is simply unbounded faith in James Rowe. The latter has had great success with Voter, the best sprinter in America, while the English trainers were such signal failures with him that he never won a race while in their hands. The Messrs. Keene are afraid of like failures with their other horses unless Rowe goes with them. If Rowe goes it will simply be through a desire for a change of scene. The monetary consideration would not appeal to him. He is a very rich man. He made the greater portion of his wealth as a trainer, but he increased it materially through fortunate theatrical speculations. He is not a Nomad in disposition; on the contrary, he loves his home. The fact that Trainer John Huggins, one of his best friends, is in England, may have some weight with him when he is asked to decide whether the horses shall go or remain at home. Tom O'Rourke, manager of Tom Sharkey, will no longer look after the affairs of the ex-sailor heavy-weight, for he announced last night that he had decided to let Sharkey manage himself in the future. For many months, it is said, O'Rourke and Sharkey have had numerous kicks. When the story was circulated a few months ago that Sharkey had left O'Rourke, and would be managed by Jack Dougherty, O'Rourke boiled up, and declared the sailor would fight under his management or not at all, as his contract with him would prevent him from fighting in New York State under any other manager. This was the starting of the trouble between O'Rourke and Sharkey, and since that time they have had frequent quarrels, which no doubt have been responsible for O'Rourke's refusing to manage the "ship ahoy" fighter another year.

THE TATTLER.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

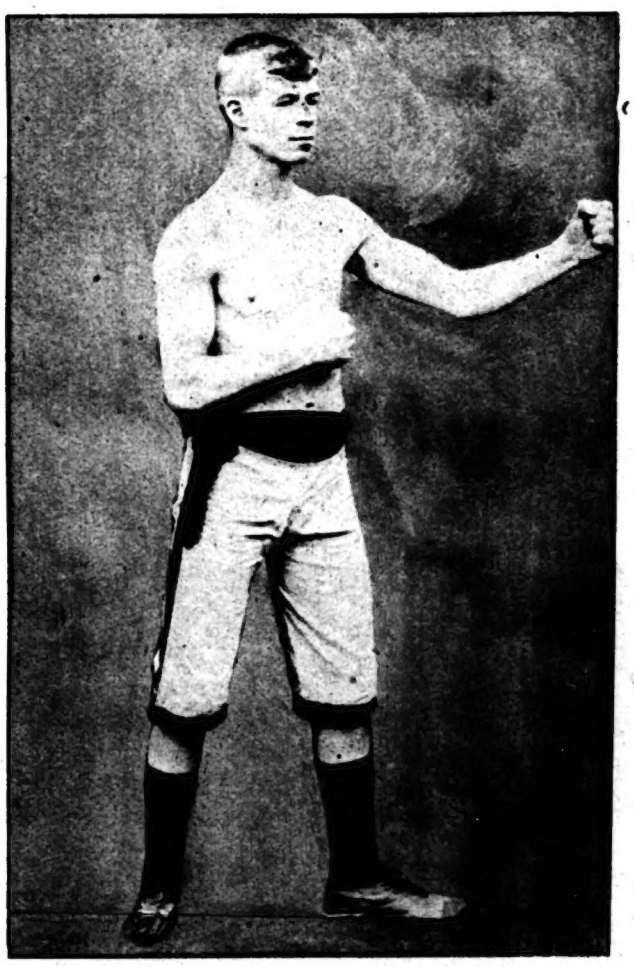
Miss Vesta Victoria.
J. Gans (two).
Ben Harris (two postcards. Important).
Sam Fitzpatrick.
George Campbell.
James Corbett (America).
Bobby Dobbs (three).
"Greek" George.
J. W. Abbott.
Frank Leon (two).
Thomas Hogan (two).
Ernie Greaves.
H. Chance Newton.
Claude Thompson.
A. McDonald.
C. McCoy.
Jem Holloway.
Billy Ross.
J. Corbett.
George Slark.
Jem Hall
Robert Fitzsimmons (two).
Alec Hurley.
Billy Plimmer.
P. Gorman.
Driver Pincher.
Charles Connolly.
Peter Quinn.
George Kirk.
R. Josephs.

FRED KARNO AND CO. ARE APPEARING at Collins's with much success in a sketch entitled "Early Birds."

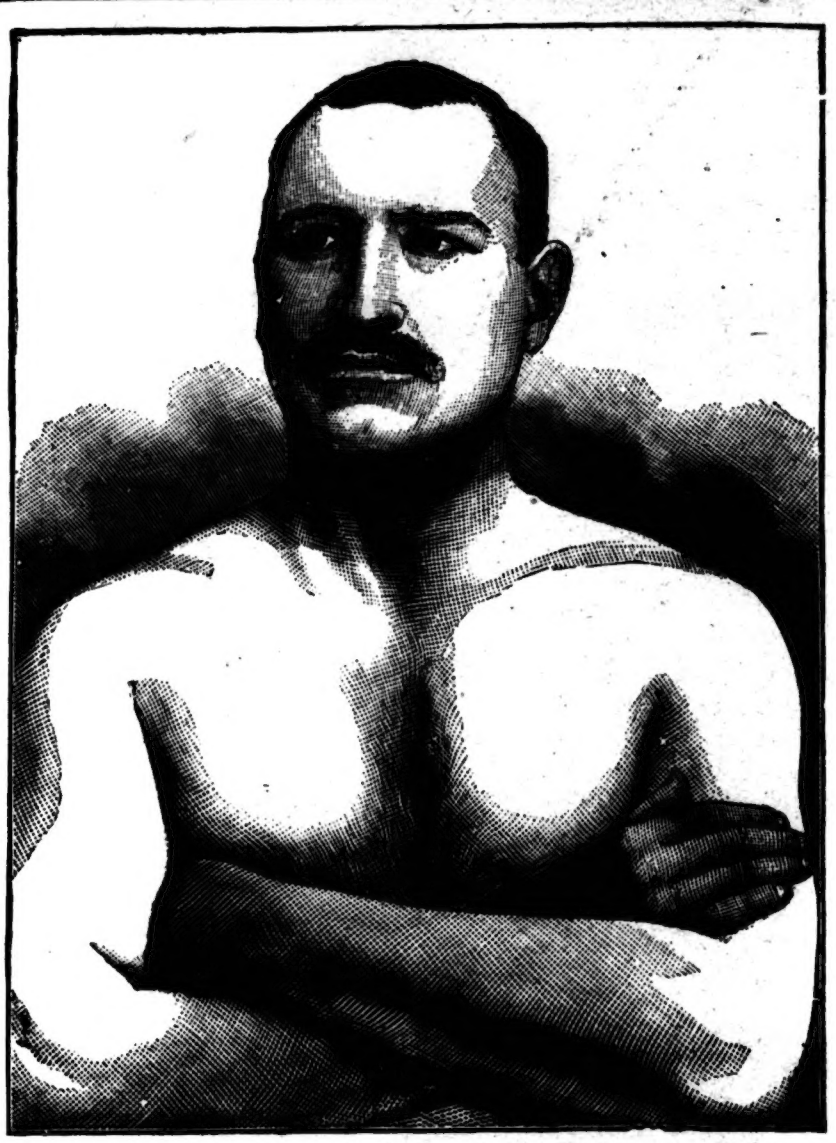
"THE SHIELD OF DAVID" MET with tremendous success last week at Hammersmith. J. Lawson is now in the provinces, but will open at the Camberwell and Paragon on his return.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. he thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



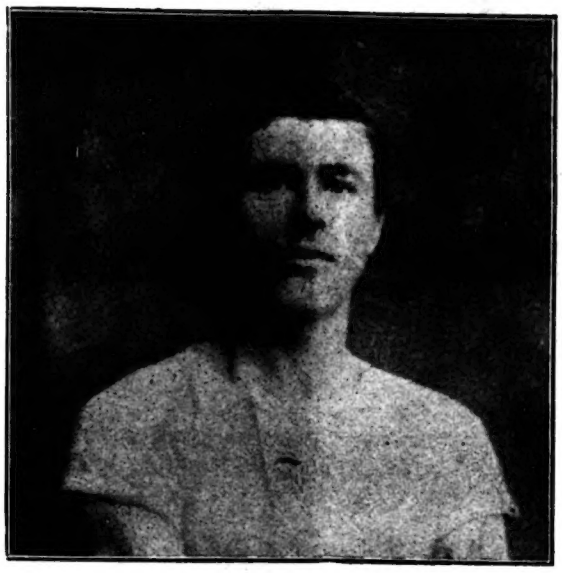
"DUSTY" RHODES,
An 8st Boxer who has Won Several Competitions.



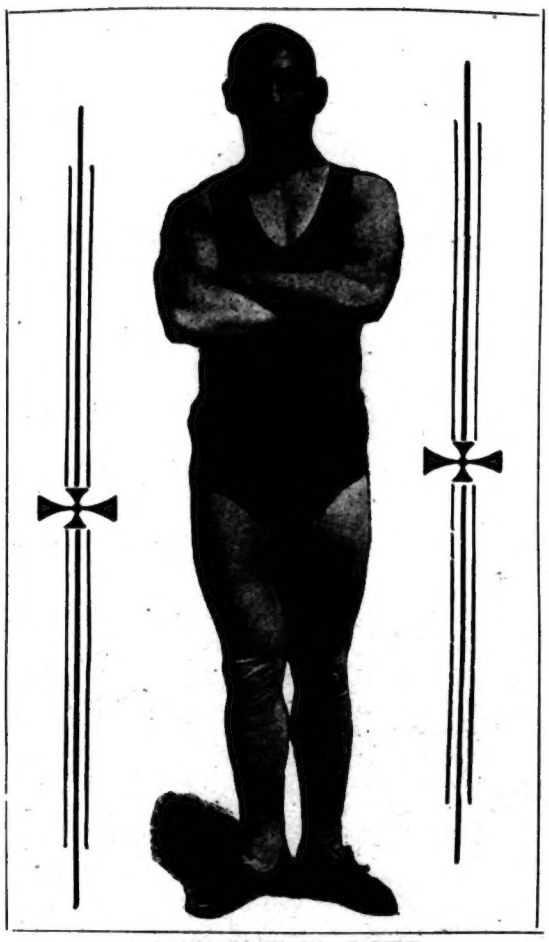
MICK DOOLEY,
Who Defeated Bill Doherty in Eight Rounds at Londonderry, Australia.

KNIVES USED FOR A DEADLY PURPOSE.
Two School Assistants Come to Blows and Fight With Cold Steel.

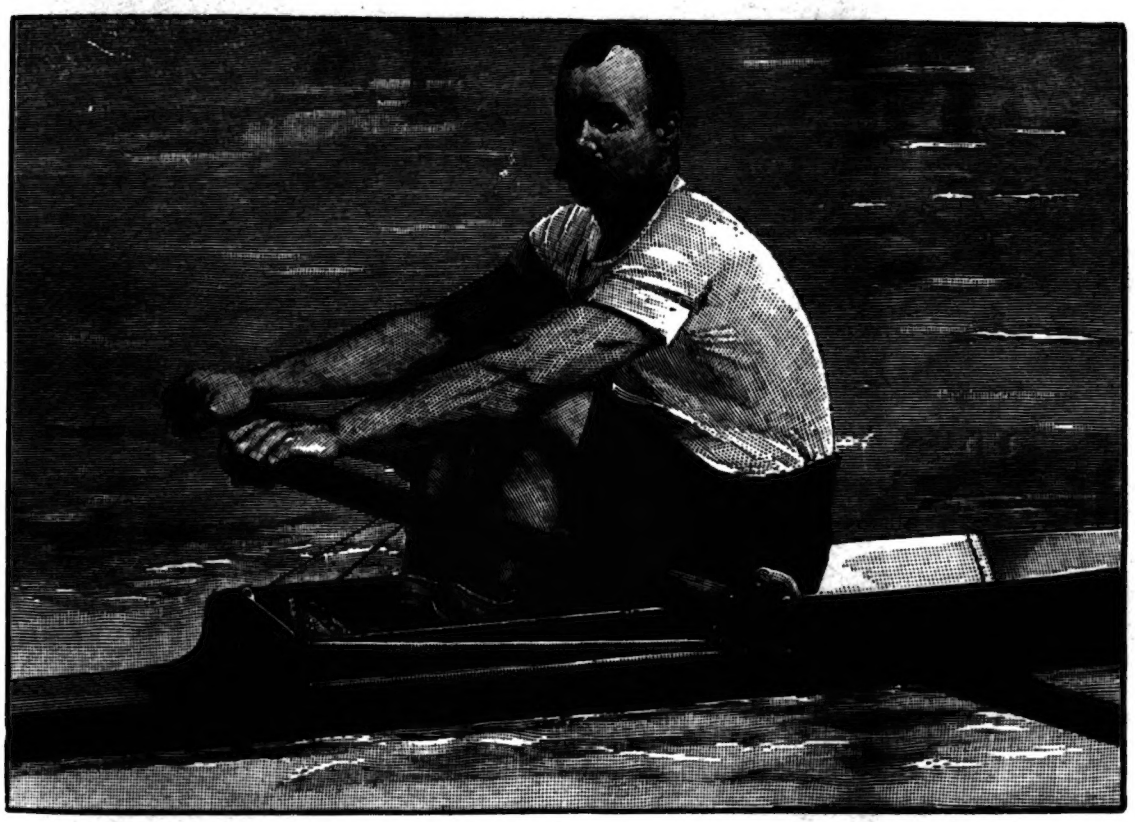
C. G. STEPHENS,
A Tonsorial Artist who Shaved Capt. Marco in a Den of Lions.



JOHN S. SANDISON,
Better Known as Jake Sullivan, a Heavy Weight Lifter and Wrestler.



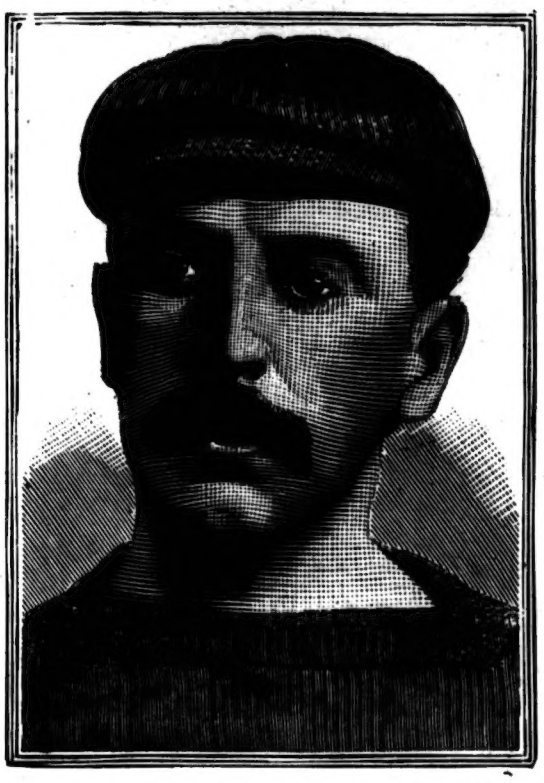
PROFESSOR G. POPE,
A Heavy Weight Lifter, Ball Puncher, and Boxer.



GEORGE BUBEAR,
Who Holds the Record for the Quickest Time from Putney to Mortlake.

E. A. BILLINGSHURST,
Proprietor of the Prince of Wales, Hardes Town, Chatham, and Well-known Sportsman.

HE FELL A VICTIM TO A HEAVY SUPPER,
And While Asleep was Relieved of his Trotter Cases.



THE LATE GEORGE SWANNEY,
Noted as a Trainer of Prominent Pugilists.

THE LADIES' SWIMMING HANDIcap.—Not the least interesting event at the Chelsea Swimming Club's entertainment early last week was the ladies' handicap, in which the prize was carried off by an enthusiastic amateur who has only swum for two seasons. A point to be noticed the other evening, too, was the great difference of style between the boys and the girls. The boys affected the overhand racing stroke, and turned themselves into inelegant mill-wheels; the girls, however, never forgot appearances, and swam all the while with the prettier breast stroke. No doubt they lost in pace what they gained in effect, but it led one to the reflection that in swimming, as in other sports, style and not strength will always be the woman's characteristic.

HENDON AMATEUR A.C. SWIMMING Gala.—This well-known club held its seventh annual swimming entertainment at the Hampstead Baths on Wednesday evening. Details:—Championship of the Club.—L. D. Allessandri, 1; Gwyn Withers, 2; S. A. Fordham, 3; N. L. Blockley, 4. Won rather easily by 18yd; 3yd between second and third. One Length (33yd) Club Handicap.—D. Fennings, 11sec start, 1; A. P. Barber, 6, 2. Won by a yard. Time, 46sec. Annual 100 Yards Medal Race (Hendon Congregational A.A.).—P. Adam, 1sec start, 1; G. Bone, 17, 2; F. Roberts, 4, 3. Won by a yard; half a yard between second and third. Two-length (67yd) Club Handicap.—Final heat: F. E. Sneath, 13sec start, 1; E. H. Risby, 11, 2; A. G. C. Richardson, 9, 3; W. H. Fordham, 14, 0; W. G. Randall, scratch, 0. Won by 2yd; half a yard between second and third. Time, 65 2-5sec. Miss Ada Lewin, of the Bath Club, gave a nice display of graceful swimming, assisted by Miss Mabel Andrews. Water Polo.—Hornsey beat London Scottish by two goals to love. Invitation Diving Competition.—F. A. Barrett, St. James's S.C., 1; H. Dennis, Neptune S.C., 2; A. Hill, unattached, 3. Team Race, Luton v. Hendon.—An excellent race was won by Luton by 16yd. Water Polo.—Hendon beat Luton by two goals to love.

ATHLETICS IN GUERNSEY.—There were several well-known English athletes competing at the Guernsey sports, and, as is usually the case, they managed to secure a fair number of prizes. The five-miles bicycle race for the fifty-guineas "Island" Challenge Cup created intense excitement, and the result proved to be a highly popular one with the islanders, for the holder, A. J. Moore, Portsmouth Mercury C.C., was defeated, the winner being S. J. C. Dugnemin, the local champion. Paul Engelheart, Cambridge University B.C., S. Cauldwell, Reading A.C., and A. Butler, Portsmouth Mercury C.C., were among the unsuccessful competitors in this event. The 120 Yards Open Flat Handicap was won by R. B. Cowley, S.L.H., from the 4yd mark, in 13sec, a fairly good performance considering the runners had to contend against a somewhat boisterous wind. Cowley also secured the Open Quarter from the 17yd mark; and G. Harwood, Guernsey, 95yd start, won the Open Mile, with G. H. Richards, Bath and Somerset H., 80 (virtual scratch), second, and that well-known Surrey walker, E. Ion Pool, L.A.C., 160, a good third.

SWIMMING.—RACE FOR THE ULPH Challenge Cup.—This event was decided on Saturday over a 1,000yd course at Great Yarmouth. The entry was hardly so representative as in past years, and the holder, J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, had no difficulty in scoring another win, his nearest opponent, as expected, being G. E. Sharpe, of Leicester, who was forty yards behind. P. K. Metcalfe (Otter S.C.) was third, twenty-five yards away; C. E. Horne (King's Lynn), fourth; A. S. Good (Otter S.C.), fifth; and J. Greenwood (King's Lynn), sixth. Jarvis had practically no tide to help him, and his time—11min 59½sec—was much slower than last year. Sharpe took 12min 45sec, and Metcalf 13min 5sec.

AN EVERGREEN PED.—"DAVE" Walker is, without doubt, one of the most striking examples of an athlete who positively improves with age. He has been on the path nearly a score of years. It is seven years since he so easily won the 1,000 yards limited handicap at Reading with thirty-eight yards from Kibblewhite and Bredin, and he has already won twenty-five prizes this season from very short marks.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.—FOOTball was general on Saturday, and the First Division of the League matches attracted vast crowds, over 40,000 persons attending that between Everton and Liverpool. The winning clubs in this competition were Wolverhampton Wanderers, Blackburn Rovers, Newcastle United, Sheffield Wednesday, and Sheffield United, the remaining games ending in draws.

MOLESEY CLUB REGATTA.—THE last of the up-country regattas on the Thames took place on Saturday, and despite the lateness of the fixture received a very large entry, the principal events being decided as follows:—The Open Eights, two heats and a final, ended in Foggo, Frampton, D. Bremmer, Doherty, J. Hardwicke, Newberry, Castleden, and F. Collinson (stro e), beating D. Hardwicke, Todd, Schlotel, Garland, Skebberee, Cobbett, Fitch, and E. W. Greene (stroke), by a quarter of a length; Molesey, Kingston, Twickenham, and other clubs forming the crews. The De Wette Senior Fours ended in a yard win for Garland, Newberry, Cobbett, and C. W. Kent from Sergeant, Block, Baker, and F. Collinson; while in the Bianchi Fours, for mixed seniors and juniors, Garland, Edgell, H. Hardwicke, and Sergeant won easily from Everidge Collinson, F. Hardwicke, and Cobbett. For Mr. R. C. Dobree's prize, Handicap Sculls, there were several starters, and H. A. Block (5sec start) took the prize from F. Collinson (scratch) by six feet.

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL.—THE first international football match organised by the Sports Committee of the Exhibition was played on Thursday on the Velodrome ground at Vincennes between the Upton Park Football Club, of London, and the Union des Sociétés Françaises de Sports Athlétiques. The English team won by 4 points to nil.

A NEW RUNNING RECORD.—Charles Bennett, Finchley Harriers, holder of the one mile amateur championship, won the three-quarters of a mile level race at the Polytechnic Harriers' sports on Saturday, beating J. Binks, Unity A.C., by a yard in 3min 10 4-5sec, just one second faster than the record made by A. Nelson at Reading last year.

RAPID SHAVING.—J. HARDIE, IN reply to O. R. Williams, states that his age is sixty-five years, and if Williams is the same age or near it a match can be made. J. Hardie, jun., forty-two years, R. Hardie, thirty-three, John Hardie, thirty-one, S. E. Hardie, twenty-nine, and A. Hardie, twenty-seven, can be selected if Williams cares to make a match with any of them. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will receive attention.

SCULLING RACE ON THE THAMES.—George Bubear must realise by this time that he is too old to scull with any chance of success. The race was never in doubt and Emmett won by as much as he liked.

DANCING AT HOLBORN TOWN Hall.—One of the best known of the association of teachers of dancing is Mr. H. R. Johnson, and his reunions are attended by ladies and gentlemen of the upper and middle classes. For many years Mr. Johnson has taught the art of deportment and been the means of thousands enjoying themselves while turning to the strains of music. When last Saturday we visited one of his select assemblies, everyone that we saw were in evening dress, while the style of the dancing is the best to be found. Waltzing and reversing were performed in a most excellent manner by those present, the majority of the fairer sex being pupils of the professor, and to watch them would cause the best to try and follow suit. A practical dancer, there are none more capable of teaching the art of deportment, and private lessons can be had at any time.

TO-MORROW, THURSDAY, W. Slater, of Bethnal Green, and Alf Pepper, of Walthamstow, walk one mile level for £5 a-side. The match arose over the Tradesmen's Handicap, Slater remarking what an easy thing it was. A match was made, and the money deposited. Timekeeper and referee to be appointed by THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

THE BADEN-POWELL SCHOTtische had a good start last Thursday on its journey for public approval. It was the opening of the season at Holborn Town Hall, and a company that exceeded 500 were present during the evening. Mr. Hurndall must be congratulated on giving exponents of the terpsichorean art a free lesson, as he himself showed the audience the steps. The dance is a mixture of the Highland Schottische and Barn dance, and is one that will be famous during the winter. Among the many dresses of the ladies that worn by Miss May Hart, a white silk bodice trimmed with lace and a black satin skirt, was very pretty. The best exponent of the art dedicated to Terpsichore was Miss Wheeler, and during the sets we had the pleasure of a turn with her. Miss Grimshaw in a black silk evening dress, with net sleeves, the whole relieved by a bunch of white roses on the breast, looked splendid, and almost equalled the belle of the ball.

FOR ONCE THEIR SUSPICIONS WERE NOT CORRECT.

It was the Gent's Niece, and Not an Applicant for the Vacant Situation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE race for wealth is not for the old, but the young, so that applicants in reply to advertisements, who wish to fall into good graces, must have a bright smiling face when seeking the situation. Anything above the age of thirty is fatal to the woman's chance while younger aspirants are in the field, and a polite intimation that their services are not required sends them mournfully away. This was the case recently where a typewriter was required. The applicant was elderly; the next caller was young and pretty, and to the astonishment of the other employés the manager rose from his chair and kissed the blushing girl, but she was not seeking a situation, but merely his niece, who was making a call, so that things were not so bad as they appeared.

HELD UP THE CROUPIER OF A FARO BANK.

Four Masked Men Clear Out All the Money.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AT the extreme fringe of civilisation is such places as Alaska and Skagway. Gambling is carried on openly among the rough miners and men who are seeking an adventurous living. At the back of all the saloons is a room set apart for the men, and here scenes are enacted that would startle any ordinary citizen. Recently, while the men were as usual engaged at playing faro, four masked men entered the room, and presenting their revolvers at the head of the croupier or banker, demanded all his available cash. Under the circumstances he was compelled to part, and the men walked backwards to the door, keeping their arms levelled at the company, and made good their escape.

IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE "TIFF."

She Whacked Him With the Picture Frame.

(Subject of Illustration.)

How to be happy though married is at present troubling Mr. James Davies. The first six months of married bliss went smoothly through, but lately he developed a taste for politics, and to exercise his influence he must needs attend the local political club to air his opinions. This, of course, kept him out somewhat late, to the great annoyance of his better half, who met him half-way on his return home. While in a hand to hand scuffle, Mr. Davies received the worst of the deal. The frame containing the text "God Bless Our Home" was broken over his head, and a black eye was the receipt given by his "missis" for payment of late hours.

A LUNATIC'S STRANGE AND ALARMING BEHAVIOUR.

With a Drawn Knife He Threatens to Murder.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A WELL-TO-DO merchant was sitting in his office, when a rap on the door announced some visitor. On the order "Come in" a young girl carrying a basket came forward and proffered her wares. With a quiet shake of the head, indicating that he did not wish to purchase anything, the girl then turned to go, when at that instant a man suddenly rushed into the room, and drawing a knife threatened to murder. The merchant, taken by surprise, was quite defenceless, and at the mercy of his would-be assailant. The latter, instead of carrying out his intentions, suddenly turned, and was out and away before he could be arrested.

CHARLEY McKEEVER AT NEWcastle.—Charley McKeever, of America, who is matched with "Dido" Plumb, appeared at Newcastle, where he gave an exhibition at Mr. James Lowes', Hexham House saloon. Mr. Lowes provided an excellent programme in addition to the Yankee's appearance. On Monday evening there was an excellent contest between Darky Carpenter and J. Angus, which resulted in a victory for the first named. When McKeever entered the ring with Jem Richardson, of Honolulu, he was roundly applauded, the show being one of the most interesting character.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS FIGHTER.—Old Harry Tyson, one of the family of the famous millionaire squatter, Jemmy Tyson, died last week at the parish where he had lived, man and boy, Marylebone. Harry Tyson, who stood nearly 6ft high, fought a splendid battle with Harry Poulson, the man who nearly put paid to the account of Tom Sayers. The funeral of Harry Tyson, who lived to the advanced age of seventy-seven years, took place on Friday afternoon at Hammersmith Cemetery at two o'clock.

MICK DOOLEY,

Who Defeated Bill Doherty in Eight Rounds at Londonderry, Australia.

(With Portrait.)

MICK DOOLEY was born at Yellow Rock, Albion Park, Illawara, New South Wales, December 14, 1864. He stands 6ft in his stockings. He commenced his fighting career when he was sixteen years old, and before he was twenty he had won thirty-seven battles according to the rules of the London Prize-Ring. He has defeated Pat Riley, "Webby" Booth, Paddy Ryan, Sandy Ross, Tim Nolan, Owen Sullivan, and Professor John Donaldson. He gave Joe Goddard the hardest fight of his life, and had really bested Joe. Dooley knocked him out for sixteen seconds, but the time-keeper, a friend of Goddard's, ordered the fight to continue, and Mickey, seeing that he could not get fair play, "skied" the towel. He has also beaten "Tut" Ryan. He has been beaten by Peter Jackson and by Paddy Slavin, the latter contest, however, being a fake, pure and simple. Beat Bill Doherty, 6rds. Beaten by Bill Doherty, 6rds. Beat Bill Doherty, 8rds, at Londonderry.

C. G. STEPHENS,

A Tonsorial Artist who Shaved Captain Marco in a Den of Lions.

(With Portrait.)

MR. C. G. STEPHENS'S reputation as a tonsorial artist is well known, but his ability as a lion tamer is of more recent birth. Mr. Stephens during the last fair, held at Ferndale, boldly entered a den of savage African lions (full grown), and coolly, but dexterously, cut the hair of the trainer, amidst the deafening applause of hundreds of spectators, amongst whom much excitement prevailed. The owner of the beast show where the exhibition took place subsequently presented Mr. Stephens with a beautifully illuminated certificate of merit, on which was the following inscription:—"Presented to C. G. Stephens by Mr. Andrew Purchase, as a memento of the valour he displayed by entering a den of African lions accompanied by Captain Beaumont, the renowned lion tamer, at Queen's Menagerie, June 28, 1900, at Ferndale."

MR. JOHN K. HALL,

A Well-Known Sporting Publican.

(With Portrait.)

MR. JOHN HALL, proprietor of the Northumberland Arms, York Street, Walworth, is the son of a boxer whose name is recorded in *Fistiana*, and one of three well-known brothers—Miley Hall, who fought Jack Sharpe for the light-weight championship (now a wealthy public-house proprietor), and Jem Hall, also in a good way of business in the public line. Mr. John, or, as his friends prefer to call him, Jack Hall, is of a musical turn of mind, and goes in largely for "select harmonic meetings" under the management of Turner, the famous mandolinist.

CHARLIE SMIRKE,

A Capable Little Boxer, who Met "Dido" Vardy at Newcastle, September 24.

(With Portrait.)

BEAT Ted Knowles twice, 11rds, 5rds; D. Macall, 9rds; H. Smith, 5rds; T. Watling, 5rds; H. Connell, 4rds; J. Moss, 3rds; H. Ford, 4rds; G. Ganney, 8rds; B. Pincombe, 8rds; at Aldgate Baths, lost to "Jumbo" King, 8rds; G. Mallett, 8rds; G. Owen, 8rds; Mike Moran, 10rds; met Alf Rosser at Drill Hall; met Jack Murphy at Drill Hall; beat Harry Slough, 15rds; met "Dido" Vardy at Newcastle, September 24, and a draw resulted.

"DIDO" VARDY,

Of Newcastle, who met Charlie Smirke, of London, at Newcastle, September 24.

(With Portrait.)

"DIDO" VARDY, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is one of the cleverest little boxers in the north. His principal contest was with Billy Johnson, of Leeds, whom he defeated in 20rds; beat Bill Pincombe, 12rds; beat J. Tait, 4rds; beat Charlie Sloan, 9rds; beat Frank Exall, 12rds; beaten by Frank Morecombe, 20rds; met Charlie Smirke at Newcastle, Sept. 24, and a draw resulted.

"DUSTY" RHODES.

An 8st Boxer who has won Several Competitions.

(With Portrait.)

"DUSTY" RHODES is a clever little boxer of 8st, who has won several competitions, the last being at Chatham, where he won a bantam, and was runner-up in the feathers. Willing to fight anyone his weight in the Channel Squadron. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during September and October:—

SEPTEMBER 28.—At West Hartlepool, Young Capstick v. "Dummy" Forrest, twenty rounds.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Mr. J. T. Hull's Grand Boxing Show at the Drill Hall, Woolwich, which will include: Eight Rounds Contests between Bill Telford (Bloomsbury) v. Patsey Haley (Deptford), Harry Churchill (Greenwich) v. "Toby" McKenzie (Paddington), George Harris (Stratford) v. George Raby (Canning Town), Jem Thomas (Wales) v. A. Le Surf (Stratford), Angus Griffo (America) v. Corporal Saunders (Light-Weight Champion H.M. Forces), George Shipman (Shoreditch) v. Ted Lynch (Hackney); Six Rounds Contest: Bert Firmin (Greenwich) v. Walter Eyles (Islington); Four Rounds Trial: Jem Skinner (Middle-Weight Champion H.M. Forces) v. Harry Berry (Stepney), whilst last, but by no means the least, George Gardiner (Middle-Weight Champion of England and conqueror of Frank Craig) will spar three rounds with Jack Scales.

OCTOBER 1.—Boxing at the National Sporting Club.

CHARLEY MANNERING'S BIG BOXING SHOW AT CHATHAM.

SOME TIME SINCE CHARLEY Mannering called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE and requested us to engineer his big boxing show at Chatham, and, in addition to advice, provide timekeeper and referee. We did this all the more willingly as we know Charley, if less pretentious than some self-advertising boxing promoters, to be far more genuine, and if humble in his ways, means, and endeavours, a genuine sport. We wish for the credit of the game there were a few more like him. The lads of the Fancy to take part in his competitions were doing their annual training in the Militia, so as far as health was concerned they were all in first-class form. The principal bout of the evening was one worthy of any hall or of any district. It was a bout of six rounds between Jack Walker, of the East-end, and Jem Skinner, of the Royal Navy. Jem Skinner won the middle-weight championship of the Army and Navy competitions. Jem had entered for the light-weights, but when he scaled it was found that he was four pounds over the stipulated weight (10st), and as the middle-weight limit is 11st 4lb Skinner had to give most of the competitors a stone. A win under these circumstances was most creditable, and stamps Jem as a real good lad. The 9st 6lb competition produced the following entries: A. Beecham (Royal Navy) v. Mike O'Brien (London); W. Baxter (Royal Navy) v. Harry Goldsmith (London); R. Ford (Royal Navy) v. Tom Ring (Maidstone); Tom McCartney (Royal Engineers) v. Jem Cole (Royal Rifles); T. Fitzgeraith v. Harry Chappell (both of Royal Navy); T. Kirkby (Royal Navy) v. R. Kanes (Royal Navy), besides the men up for their annual militia training, who were as hard as paving stones. Pugilism was well represented. W. Baxter, of the Royal Navy, is an offshoot of the family Baxter which has produced such champions as Bill and Sam. Bill Baxter, who is a grandfather, is wishful at the present day to box any 8st 10lb man in the world whose age is forty or a little under. Charley Mannering, who is a travelling greengrocer, once ran a boxing booth, and further to improve his boxing proclivities, he was friendly with the late Ike Baker, of Chatham, one of the last of England's pugilists, who, in his latter days, being a little near-sighted, was run over and killed in the streets of Chatham. We say Charley is a travelling greengrocer—that is, he delivers his wares from a champion van and pair, and as he delivered his wares he delivered his small bills announcing the event which, with such an array of talent, did not fail to produce good results. As a promoter Charley Mannering is second to none, and unlike the majority of British boxing promoters did not trust to theory, but had a long experience in the arena. The art of boxing cannot be learnt by looking on while lads are engaging with the mittens, as Charley soon found out, and taking to the road he took on all comers, no matter their size. Hundreds of contests figure in the premeter's record, but his day has been seen, and now Mannering gives young blood a chance to gain fame and glory. He is well known in New Brompton, Chatham, Rochester, and the surrounding parts, and also the fact that he stages the shew for the love of boxing. Arriving at New Brompton rather early we visited the saloon of Mr. R. Helling, The Britannia, High Street, and while there saw the sports of Chatham, &c., keep coming, scores at a time, for tickets. This hostelry has been enlarged since our last visit, and Mrs. Hellings is for her weight (17st) the finest woman in the locality. The difference between her and her daughters (who are very slim and of the greyhound tribe) is very marked. A grand old sport is Hollings, and though he suffers from gout is always capable of holding his own with anybody. A full house rewarded the promoter, every seat being filled before the advertised time to commence, and in consequence an early start was made. Among the assembly were many that are always to be found at Woolwich. Details:—The officials were: Referee, THE MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Matt Hall; and Mr. McQuillan an efficient M.C. The ball was set rolling with an exhibition spar of three rounds between James Symons (H.M.S. Pembroke) and Harry Price (H.M.S. Pembroke).—This was a scientific bout of the noble art, and whetted the appetite of the audience.

FIVE ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL WALLACE beat CORPORAL PHILLIPS
(New Brompton) (R.M.).

These two shaped like novices, but were tryers, and hit as hard as they knew how. Though lacking science they made up for it in punching and fought like tigers. The third round was started by Wallace fighting his opponent in every corner of the ring, and he was hopelessly beat when the referee stepped the bout and returned Wallace the winner.

THREE ROUNDS EXHIBITION.

BILL EASTWICK and FRED FULLERTON
(Mile End) (St. George's).

A scientific exhibition that pleased the audience, who cheered the performers and recalled them at the close.

Jem Skinner failed to appear to meet Bill Walker (St. George's) and Walker boxed four rounds with "Kid" McHale (R.N.). The last named threw a challenge to Skinner to box at the next entertainment.

THREE ROUNDS CONTEST.

FRED BARKAWAY beat SAM MCGLOCHAN
(Rochester) (New Brompton).

Barkaway took matters very easy, and, with his opponent in a like humour, they kept sparring for an opening, barely a dozen blows being struck during the meeting. On starting round two both settled down to work, and a fine set-to resulted. The last round was the best, and, going well, the Rochester representative won on points.

The 9st 6lb competition for a silver belt weighing 25oz and valued at £12 10s was the principal feature of the entertainment. Besides the belt there were money prizes, the runner-up getting £2, while winners of heats and losers alike obtained a share for their exertions.

FIRST HEATS.

BOB FORD beat TOM GREEN
(H.M.S. Gleaner) (Maidstone).

As soon as they shook hands the sailor sent both hands on the dial, and followed up the attack, anxious to put an end to the business. Green was dead out of condition, but tried all he knew, and, recovering from the effects of the round, boxed well. Towards the close of round 2 he went to the boards from a right-hand swing. The third meeting was a repetition, neither stopping for repairs, and after boxing a minute Green was again in contact with the boards. Very gamely he came up, but seeing he had no chance the referee stopped the bout.

TOM MCCARTNEY beat JEM COLE
(R.E.) (Bethnal Green).

The former looked a mass of muscle, while his rival (who was the heavier) was very beefy. They went at each other like tigers, and fought in every corner of the ring. When the round ended the defender of his country was in the van. The second and third meetings were similar, Cole being more distressed than his opponent, who showed marks of punishment on his frontispiece. Cole at the last meeting started at a rare pace, and, moreover, kept it up, but it was too late, for at the finish of the bout McCartney won by a slight margin.

DICK TROUT beat HARRY GOLDSMITH
(Portsmouth) (Bethnal Green).

These two were of the lean kind, but Trout has an extra long reach, and making use of it showed to advantage in the opening round. The next round saw the heavier man (Trout) adding to his lead, and towards the close of the third he ended matters with a right hook on the jaw.

CORPORAL ROBERTS beat WILL CORNWALL
(Rifle Brigade) (R.F.)

The officer was slightly the taller, as well as nearly 10lb the heavier, but they made the fight of the night. This couple did not hit as hard as they could, and throughout the bout science predominated. Straight lefts, hooks, counters, jabs, &c., were all in turn blocked, Roberts using his guard to good advantage. Cornwall lost ground at the start, and weight told its tale, and though wiping off a part of the back numbers Roberts was always in front, and won on points. The semi-finals take place in about two weeks, and full details of the programme will be advertised in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

BOXING AT PLYMOUTH.—A grand boxing carnival was held last week at the Martin Street Hall, Plymouth. The first event on the programme was a four rounds exhibition spar between J. Doran (stoker R.N.), and G. Ceke (R.M.L.I.), in which Doran demonstrated exceptional cleverness, outpointing the Marine at every stage of the game, and with care should have a great future before him. The second event was between Beresford and Ripper, both now of Plymouth, and although they did not put up such a smart show as the previous couple, there was plenty of feeling in the four rounds, and on retiring were loudly applauded. The tit-bit of the evening was a fifteen rounds contest between two of the best men at the weight in the western counties, namely:—Jem Dalloway, of H.M.S. Britannia, Dartmouth (the largest Naval College in the world), and S. Knowles, R.M.L.I., of Plymouth (formerly of London).—This was for a purse of £10. Of the two the Marine certainly shaped the best. Dalloway, on the other hand, much stronger, with a trifle the best of the weight and height, adopted a crouching position. It was evident from the start that business was meant, and considerable enthusiasm was evinced as round after round was rolled off in most even character. Both in turn seemed to be nearly "outed," but it was apparent that each had got himself in first-class condition, such a pace did they go, and at the finish the referee was unable to separate them, and pronounced it a draw, which decision was received with cheers. The proprietor of the hall immediately stepped in the ring and offered to double the purse if the lads would compete again at a future date, prior to which White, of Plymouth, challenged the winner. The seconds for Knowles, "Taff" Davis and another; for Dalloway, "Tug" Wilson and another. Mr. Baker officiated as timekeeper, and Mr. G. S. K. Ackrell as referee.

COLUMBIA S.C. — THE ANNUAL general meeting of the above club was held at their new headquarters, the Tee-To-Tum, High Street, Shoreditch, Mr. A. Garritty presiding. The secretaries read the annual report and balance-sheet, which showed the balance of £26 2s. 3d. in hand. The following gentlemen were elected as officials, &c., for the ensuing season: President, Mr. E. C. Norris; vice-presidents, Messrs. H. Jacobs, H. V. Warrender, T. Goodwin, H. M. Isaacs, C. McLouchlin, L. Glickstein, W. O. Leigh, F. Sewell, S. Glickstein, R. Godfrey, J. Robinson, and Rev. W. Dawson, M.A.; captain, Mr. C. Sheppard; vice-captain, Mr. C. Holland; committee, Messrs. G. W. Lovell, J. T Pieri, E. Richardson, E. Daughters, J. T. Williams, F. Meade, and A. Barry; hon. treasurers, Tee-To-Tum Club; delegates to the A.B.A., Messrs. T. Goodwin, C. Sheppard, and J. D. Williams; auditors, Messrs. Wiltshire and Lindsey; delegate to the T.T.T.G.C., Mr. J. D. Williams; hon. secs., Messrs. J. D. Williams and J. Fitzgerald; instructors, Professors Bill Whatley and Dan Murphy. Practice nights, Tuesdays and Fridays at 8. The season commences on Tuesday evening, October 2, at 8. Subscription 4s. for the season.

BOXING AT WARRINGTON. — ON Wednesday night Professor Roberts's show was packed to excess, a competition for 9st men for a silver cup and a six rounds contest between Tommy Noble, of Liverpool (one of the boxing staff), and Billy Pennington, the local 7st 12lb champion, comprising the programme. The competition was gone through in short time, as none of the contestants cared for their job, the winner turning up in Green, of Manchester. After a short interval the six rounds contest came on the boards for decision. This also proved a tame affair, as Noble simply played with his man in the first few rounds. He, however, found a corker in the local lad in the fourth round, and was floored twice, but managed to box on till time was called. He kept away from his man in the fifth round, popping in an occasional one. The sixth round saw both trying hard, but Noble being more experienced managed to elude all his opponent's rushes, and scored rapidly. The local youth had no chance with him. At the expiration of the round Noble was returned the winner on points.

BILL HEWETT WOULD LIKE TO BOX any 7st 8lb novice if Joe Smith will give a purse worth boxing for.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.

AT THE HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, Newcastle, the boxing business has been very brisk. On Monday and Tuesday there were the appearances of Charley McKeever, of America, who had a most enthusiastic reception when he entered the ring to spar four rounds with the old stager, Jem Richardson, of Honolulu, and also when he left. And on Wednesday evening there was the contest between Bob Wilson, of Newcastle, and Jem Lloyd, of South Shields; but of this a full report will be found in another column. These, however, did not detract from the attendance at the usual weekly show on Saturday evening, for a very goodly crowd attended to pay their shekels to witness the show, which proved of a most enjoyable character. There are few better midgets than J. Johnson and W. Brown, and they in their exhibition, which was the initial one of the evening, fairly excelled themselves, and then those recent opponents, Tom O'Neill, of Newcastle, and Harry Myers, of Edinburgh, showed the onlookers some scientific work, albeit they did not fail to hit hard at times. "Darkey" Carpenter, who is improving greatly, made a gallant shew with J. Hall, and to bring the first portion of the entertainment to a close, A. Frost and J. Harper contested three rounds in the merriest of styles. The match of the evening was a six rounds contest between J. Tait and George Cummings. The last named had something the best of the weight, and when the order was given for operations to start he went at his man at once. On the alert Tait quickly retaliated, and from then to the finish of the round the exchanges were of the merriest description, but of an equal character. Cummings in the second round was again the first to commence work, which was similar to that in the first round. In fact right through the fight was of a like description, and at the finish the referee declared his decision as a draw, a verdict which satisfied everyone. Tait was seconded by Bob O'Neill and G. Tait, and Cummings by J. Mason and Tom Spring. Jock Palmer was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. For Saturday next J. M'Gurk and Young McGovern are matched.

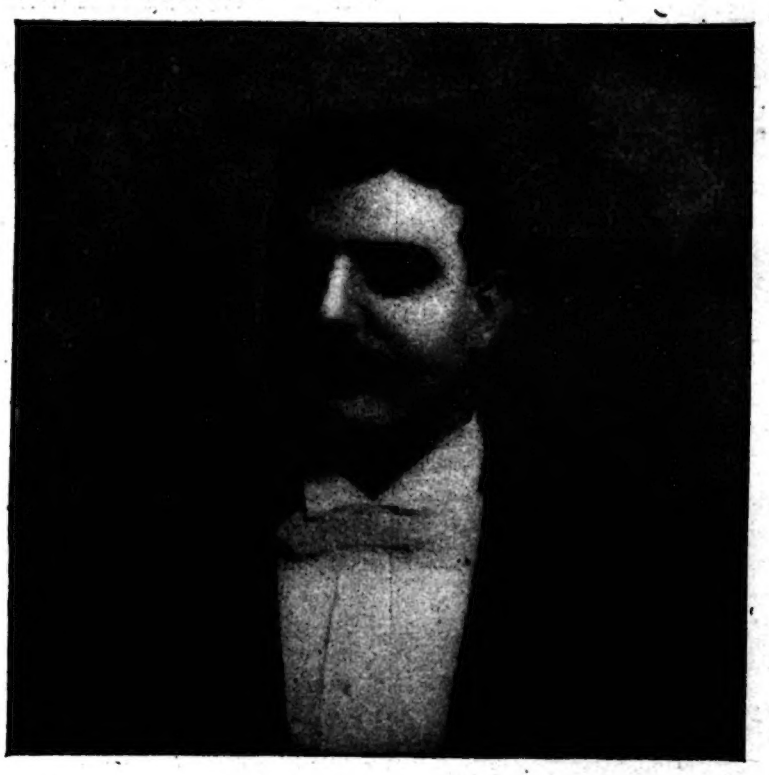
WONDERLAND.—THIS BEING THE Jews' New Year—the most ungodly will keep the black fast—Wolff, the proprietor of Wonderland, has given his show another change. This week the sheenies will sit and shiver within its walls. This will not be the first time that persons have sat and shivered at Wonderland, notably at the Everhardt and Ireland contest. Few persons are aware that Wonderland, less than thirty years ago, was the old Effingham Theatre, where most of the Jewish theatrical and vocal celebrities made their début. Some time since it was reported that Wonderland would return to its original condition as a temple of Thespis; but we are informed that it is more likely to become a Jewish Synagogue. It caused some amusement when an advertisement in a sporting paper appeared concerning Wonderland, "Good news for boxers." This promoter may consider himself the right man in the right place, but some persons say it would be the worst possible bargain to buy this promoter at his own valuation and sell him at theirs.

CONTEST AT SHEFFIELD.—CITY Boxing Club.—The programme on Saturday comprised several exhibition bouts, and a contest between a couple of local boxers, Young Fleming and Sam Simpson, who boxed the best of twelve rounds, each of 2min duration, at catch-weight, with 6oz gloves, for £10 and a purse presented by the manager, Tommy Garside. There was a large attendance, and some capital exhibition boxing preceded the contest, which was a fiercely-fought one whilst it lasted. Simpson, who was at a great disadvantage as regarded both height and weight, forced the exchanges, and displayed the greater cleverness in the first three rounds. In the fourth Simpson fell weak, and he was finally fought down and counted out of time.

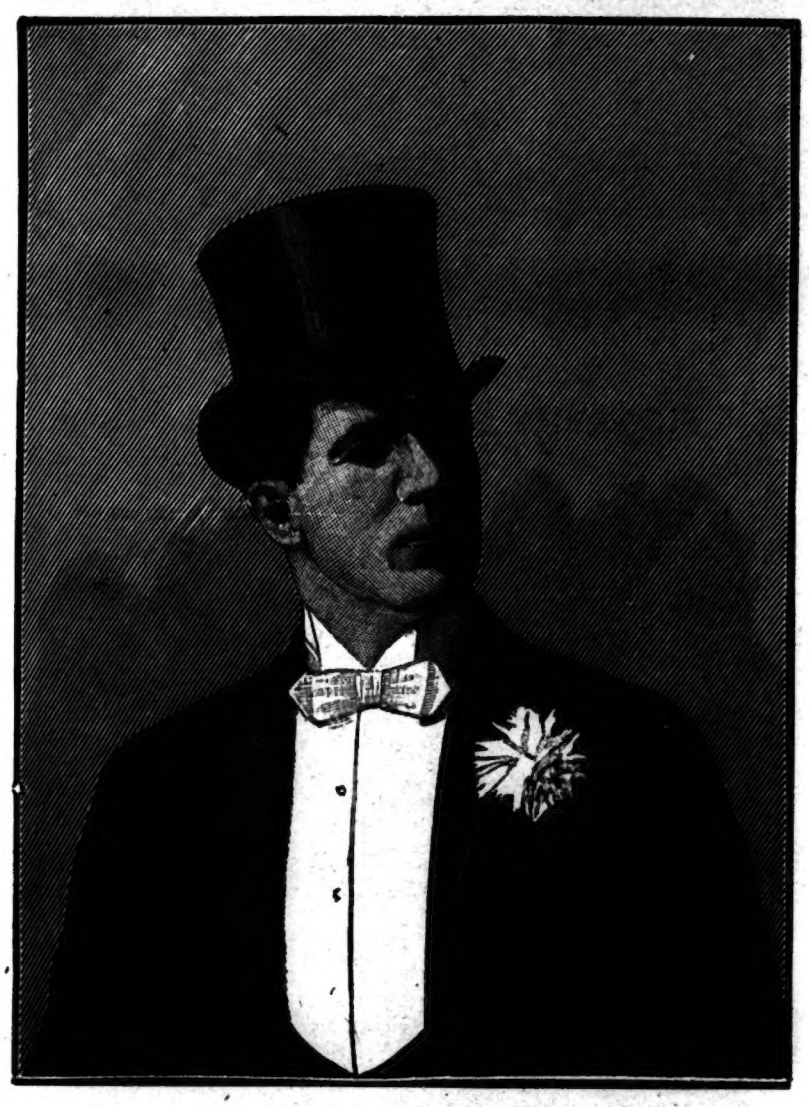
ON SATURDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 29, the match between Young Capstick, of Newcastle, and "Dummy" Forest, of London, takes place. The articles stated that they agreed to contest twenty two-minute rounds, at 6st 10lb, for £25 a-side and the best purse offered. They accepted that of the West Hartlepool Gymnasium to box at their show on the 29th inst. Capstick has been getting into condition near Stockton, while Forest has been training at Epping. THE MIRROR OF LIFE appoints timekeeper and referee.

WOOLF BENDOFF, THE MAN WHO fought Couper, of South Africa, for the largest stake ever boxed for, arrived in England on Monday, September 10, from our colony away down south. Bendoff wishes to be remembered to all old friends, and will be pleased to hear from them.

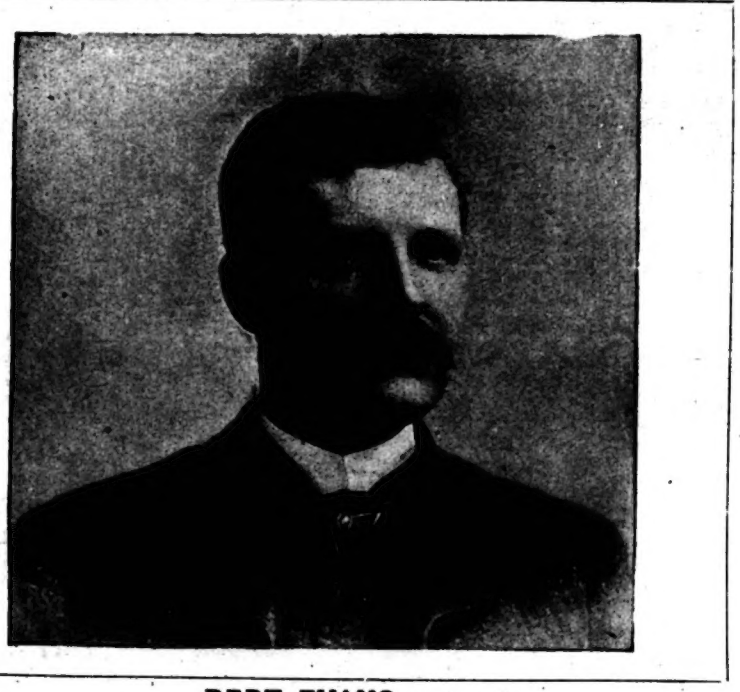
BOXING AT NEWCASTLE. — THE match between "Dido" Vardy, of Newcastle, and Charlie Smirke, of London, was decided at the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, last Monday night before a numerous company. It, however, proved to be a very tame affair, and ended in a draw.



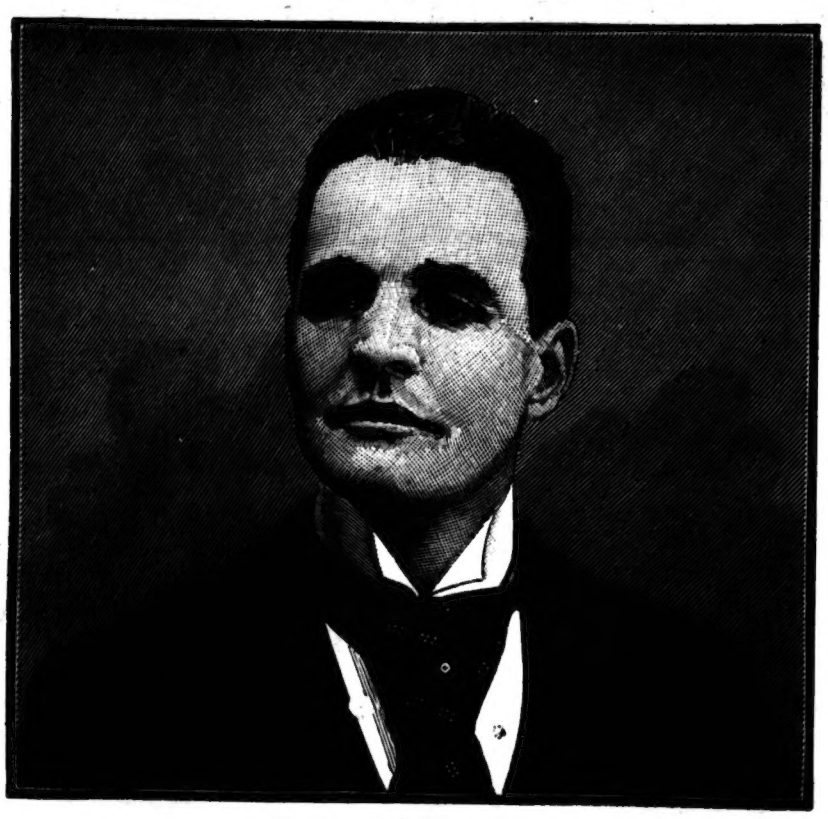
MR. JOHN K. HALL,
A Well-Known Sporting Publican.



JAMES J. CORBETT,
Ex-Heavy-Weight Champion of the World, now Visiting England.



BERT EVANS,
Manager of the Earl Grey Music Hall, Walsall.



R. G. KNOWLES,
The Popular Music Hall Artist who will Shortly Retire from the Stage and Return to America.

IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE "TIFF."
She Whacked him with the Picture Frame.

MRS. JAMES J. CORBETT,
The Beautiful Wife of the Former Heavy-Weight Champion of the World.

FOR ONCE THEIR SUSPICIONS WERE NOT CORRECT.
It was the Gent's Niece and not an Applicant for the Vacant Situation.

CORBETT — McCOY SCANDAL.

SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS REGARDING THE RECENT FIGHT.

MRS. CORBETT DECLARES THAT THE FORMER CHAMPION'S BOUT WITH SHARKEY ALSO WAS A "FAKE." DIVORCE PAPERS ARE BEING PREPARED. "KID" McCOY'S WIFE SAYS THAT THE BATTLE BETWEEN HER HUSBAND AND THE CALIFORNIAN WAS "FIXED."

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, September 12, 1900.

Developments of a sensational nature which go a long way to convince the sporting public that the recent battle between "Kid" McCoy and Jem Corbett at Madison Square Garden was not fought strictly on its merits are cropping up every day. The latest is a statement from Mrs. Selby, who has been sued by her husband, Norman Selby, known professionally as "Kid" McCoy, in which she follows Mrs. Corbett's lead, and denounces the late combat as a gigantic fake. Mrs. Selby is explicit in her denunciations that the fight was a "fixed" one, and gives facts and figures that show that she knows whereof she speaks. Tuesday Mrs. Corbett went to the office of her counsel, Howe and Hummel, to sign an affidavit upon which papers for a divorce could be based. She was perfectly calm, and seemed to be much relieved after she had affixed her signature. "I don't know for sure whether he has gone to Europe or not," said she, "but no matter where he has gone he will have trouble in store for him. The fact of the matter is, I don't think he is right in his mind. You know his father went crazy and killed himself after killing Jem's mother. If he has really gone to Europe he will be back. As a pugilist he is not well received in London. To get any recognition when he was over there before he had to pose as an actor. He will be back." "When the truth is known," said Mrs. Corbett, "I don't think the public will ever go to another fight in which he is interested. In my suit for divorce there will be a whole lot of evidence on the subject of fake fights which has never before been made public. I was the cashier in some deals, and as I paid money by cheque I have the proof of what I say. There has always been a suspicion in the minds of the sporting men that the fight between Jem and Sharkey was prearranged. What would they say if I were to produce the cheque for 2,000 dols. which I drew in favour of poor McVey, who jumped into the ring to stop the fight? And what would they say if I should show that McVey was made to take the brunt of the whole thing because George Considine at the last moment proved to be a coward? Why, what gullible people sporting men are! The Sharkey-Corbett fight was just as much of a fake as the Corbett-McCoy fight. The only thing was that the terms of the fake were a little different. It was originally planned that George Considine, Mr. Corbett's manager, should at the right time jump into the ring and give grounds for Honest John Kelly to declare Sharkey the winner. But at the last moment Considine showed the white feather. He was even afraid of getting a punch in the mix-up, and also afraid he might not be able to carry out the fake as it should be carried out. At any rate, his nerve failed him, and on the spur of the moment they ordered McVey to jump in and stop the fight. I don't think poor old McVey would have consented to the fake if he had had time in which to consider the proposition, but he was Jem's trainer and he felt that he ought to do as ordered. So he jumped in and stopped the fight. I had to draw a cheque for 2,000dols for his services. It was so long ago that what I am afraid of is that the cheque has been returned from the bank and that it has been destroyed. But I think I shall be able to produce it. I saw in the papers a statement by Tom O'Rourke to the effect that he was never in my flat in his life, and that what I said about the man coming there must have been true. Mr. O'Rourke asked why, if what I said was true about writing out a cheque for 10,000dols in the Corbett-McCoy fight, I did not produce the stub of the cheque book. I will do more than that. The cheque was paid and the whole transaction will be proved. I got my money back on the night of the fight. Jem kept faith with me in money matters. But I wish to say this much for Mr. O'Rourke, I never mentioned his name in connection with the Corbett-Sharkey affair. My maid did all the talking to the reporters who called, and between them they used the name of O'Rourke instead of the name of Burke, the bookmaker. It was Burke who acted as go-between and not O'Rourke. I must say that I don't remember that Mr. O'Rourke was ever at the flat. The 10,000 dols. was paid to Burke as a guarantee that Jem would stick to his end of the bargain. I was at first sorry that Jem ran away, but, after all, it is an ill wind that blows no good. The exposure may benefit the public. If Mrs. McCoy knows as much about her husband's "fixed" fights as I did about my husband's, she must know that it was fixed for Choynski to lose to McCoy. Whether she will tell all she knows I do not know, but if she should it would be interesting." Mrs. Corbett further said that she had not fully decided whether to bring suit for divorce against her husband until yesterday. When asked who would be mentioned in the papers as co-respondent she hinted at a well-known music-hall singer, who, it is said, sailed with Corbett on the Campania last Saturday. Mrs. Corbett declares that she has sufficient proof that Corbett introduced her as his wife to several persons in this city and elsewhere. When it was suggested to Lawyer Hummel that it may be possible that Corbett could escape the law by going to England and living there permanently, he said: "We will first make out the divorce papers, and after the sheriff has made a return stating that Corbett is not in the country we will to-morrow apply to Justice Scott, of the Supreme Court, for permission to serve papers on Corbett by publication. As soon as the order is obtained I will wire to Edward Michael, our London representative, to make out the necessary subpœna, and serve it on Corbett as he leaves the Campania, if he really is on the Campania. If Corbett does not return he will lose his suit by default, and when we get judgment against him for alimony he will be sued, in England, or any part of Europe, for the money, just as he could be sued for the recovery of money on any other judgment." When Mrs. Corbett first learned of the ex-champion's mysterious disappearance she said that she would follow her husband across the water and demand an explanation of his conduct. Now she retracts this, and says that she will leave everything to her attorneys and remain in the United States. While Mrs. Corbett was in the office of her lawyers, Mrs. Selby ("Kid" McCoy's wife) walked in. The two women, who had met the day before, bowed to each other, and took seats in separate private offices. Mrs. Selby, who was accompanied by her aunt, said that she had discovered yesterday morning that her husband, the "Kid," had taken with him her jewellery, valued at about 100,000dols. On the strength of this she asked her lawyers to have McCoy arrested on the extra charge of larceny. Mrs. Selby alleges that the jewellery was in a safe deposit box at the Bank of New Amsterdam in the Metropolitan Opera House Building. She says he had free access to this box, but declares that he had no right to take the jewellery, as it was given to her by her first husband, William Crosselmeyer, to whom she was married in New Jersey, and from whom she obtained a divorce in that State. Mrs. Selby describes the missing articles as earrings, brooch, pins, and some ornaments, all containing diamonds. Mrs. Selby fears that McCoy may have taken some sealskin garments which were in storage. She does not know, she adds, that the receipts for the same are missing. McCoy was to have surrendered himself yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, to the authorities. He did not do so, however. McCoy's lawyer is Charles Hoffman, of Hoffman and Hoffman, 132, Nassau Street. Mr. Hummel received a telephone message from him yesterday afternoon while Mrs. Selby was waiting with her aunt at his office. He conveyed the assurance to Mr. Hummel that the "Kid" would be ready to surrender at a proper time, and would give bonds to defend the suit for divorce. Manager George Grant, who is well acquainted with McCoy's affairs, and who has known the "Kid" for many years, said that the prize-fighter would give himself up to-day. It was said that McCoy had some trouble in finding a bondsman, and that is the reason why he did not surrender. Mrs. Selby, who intends to fight her husband's suit to the last, has issued a statement in which she charges that the battle at Madison Square Garden was a fake. This charge she makes in her complaint in her counter suit for divorce. Mrs. Selby alleges: "That recently my husband has become possessed of a large sum of money, amounting to some 100,000dols in cash, which he secured in the following manner: As such professional prize-fighter, my husband—said Norman Selby, otherwise known as 'Kid' McCoy—entered into a conspiracy, in which a contest was to take place between him and one James J. Corbett, it being prearranged that he was not to try to win said contest, but to permit himself to be defeated; that the day set for the said professional contest was August 30, 1900. Before the said date my husband entered into an agreement with one Eddie Burke and one Harry Heinds, the former a well-known bookmaker and the latter a proprietor of a gambling house in the city of Cheyenne, State of Wyoming, whereby the said Burke and Heinds were to procure all the money they could throughout the United States, wherever it was possible to make bets and wagers, to the effect that the said James J. Corbett would be the victor in said pretended contest, the said Norman Selby, otherwise known as 'Kid' McCoy, agreeing, in the parlance of the prize ring, to 'lay down,' or, in other words, to suffer defeat. That in order to secure themselves against the duplicity of my husband, and as security that he would fulfil his part of the conspiracy, the said Eddie Burke and Harry Heinds insisted that my husband deposit a certain amount with said Burke, and said Norman Selby, otherwise known as 'Kid' McCoy, did thereupon take from his vault in the New Amsterdam Bank safety deposit vaults Canadian Pacific Railway securities to the amount of 10,000dols., which the said plaintiff then owned, and did deposit the same with the said Eddie Burke. An additional part of the said conspiracy was that the parties got up a cypher code for telegraphing purposes, and from time to time my husband dictated to me telegraph messages, which I wrote, and which were telegraphed to said Heinds, to which Heinds replied. The said telegrams were to the effect that the said Heinds and his co-conspirators were to bet that Corbett would be the victor in said contest. My husband accordingly did, on the night of August 30, 1900, 'lay down' and permit himself to be defeated, and obtained his share of the money referred to by me, out of which monies the general public was cheated. That in addition to the amount this plaintiff received from the said Burke and Heinds for allowing Corbett to defeat him, the said plaintiff also received 22,000dols. in cash as his share of the purse, the said purse being equally divided between my husband and the said Corbett. Besides this sum of 100,000dols. and the said sum of 22,000dols., my husband received a royalty of 1,500dols. a-week derived from the kinetoscope pictures of said pretended contest. Last Friday night my husband was at our home, and while he was there his brother, Homer Selby, entered the house. After a short conversation he pulled out of his pocket the summons and complaint in this action, and served them on me. I hastily read the papers and was surprised to find my husband had brought suit against me to obtain a divorce from me. I had previously upbraided my husband for his relations with Beulah Cameron and Nellie O'Neill, and had threatened to bring suit against him for divorce, and it at once dawned upon me that my husband endeavoured to forestall my action by making 'trumped-up' charges against me. I became indignant, and then and there told the said Norman Selby and Homer Selby that I would defend the action, would prove my innocence and would prove my husband's guilt, and thereupon Homer Selby, in the presence of my husband, said: 'You had better not fight the case, as Norman will settle a good sum of money on you and give you a good allowance. If you don't do it he is going to England to join Corbett, and if he is to have any trouble with you he will never return.' I began to remonstrate with my said husband, but he remained silent and left the house with his brother, leaving me absolutely without means other than the sum of 87 cents. At the time of the said statement by my husband's brother, and the acquiescence therein by my husband, that he would go to England to join Corbett, I did not know that said Corbett had left this State and had gone to England, but I learned that Corbett had clandestinely left this State and sailed for Europe." Mrs. Selby's maid responded to the door when I called at McCoy's home, 249, West Forty-fourth Street, at five o'clock last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Selby was not at home at the time. The maid said, "You can swear that everything that Mrs. Selby says about Mr. Selby is true. The fight was a fake. He treated her very meanly, and left her penniless last Friday. McCoy's brother is a wonder. He sneaked in the house on a pretence of seeing Mrs. Selby, but it was only to serve the papers on her. My mistress is a good woman. She did not do anything wrong, and her heart is broken. Her folks were very much opposed to the marriage. She is a pretty girl, and could have done very much better. I've known her ever since she was a little girl, and she is an honest and true woman. Her mother is prostrated over what has happened." McCoy did not go near his café all day yesterday, although it was said that he was not many miles from Upper Broadway. On Monday night, after a warrant had been issued for his arrest on the instigation of his wife, he was mysteriously tipped off and kept in seclusion. A. H. Kaffenburgh, of Howe and Hummel, in company with a deputy sheriff, remained within close proximity to McCoy's café in expectation of apprehending the young middle-weight. At half past ten o'clock it was rumoured that the "Kid" intended taking the 12.10 special for Saratoga with the Tammany braves who left to attend the democratic convention. So Kaffenburgo, the deputy sheriff, and several newspaper men went to the Grand Central depôt and waited until the train pulled out of the station, but McCoy was not on it. Kaffenburgh and the deputy sheriff then returned to the café and waited until the place closed up. Then they departed in disgust, realising that McCoy had cleverly given them the slip. Grant afterwards informed me that McCoy was in the city, and was eating in a restaurant on Sixth Avenue not very far from the café while the sheriff and the lawyer were searching for him. It was said that McCoy disguised himself and eluded his friends and the sheriff by putting on a false wig and moustache. He did the same thing at the Lenox A.C. on the night of the Corbett-Sharkey mill, when Corbett said he would not fight if McCoy was permitted to attend the combat. The "Kid" managed to get by the ticket-takers all right, but his identity was discovered, and he was escorted out of the building by detectives. Emanuel Friend has been retained by Jem Corbett to defend the latter in the ex-champion's wife's suit for divorce. Friend said Tuesday, "Corbett did not go away because he is afraid of his wife, or because he feared exposure or disgrace. He simply left because he was tired and sick. I saw him last Friday night. He told me of his intention to leave the country. He said he was upset over his unhappy domestic affairs, and feared that he would get nervous prostration if he did not seek immediate rest. He told me that he did not intend to remain away long—that he would return to America. Corbett will fight the case to the bitter end, and is sure of winning. He had no idea that his wife would sue him, but he engaged me beforehand so as to be prepared in the event of anything turning up. Jem went to Europe all right. I cannot say whether he sailed under an assumed name or not." While the atmosphere is filled with scandal concerning the recent fight at the Garden and the domestic affairs of the two boxers are being discussed in various quarters, the cafés of both pugilists are doing a large business. Crowds flock into the two establishments daily, and the notoriety which the cases have attracted has not thus far done either McCoy or Corbett any harm from a financial point of view. Mrs. Norman Selby is a native of Newark. She was at one time Miss Julia E. Woodruff, a sister of J. Randolph Woodruff, a Newark lawyer. She became the wife of William Crosselmeyer, a Newark jeweller, a number of years ago, and after a number of more or less sensational episodes Crosselmeyer sued for divorce. His wife brought a counter suit. The wife attracted attention at one time by her savage attack on her husband on one of the principal streets in Newark, when she horsewhipped him. Some time after the divorce was granted Crosselmeyer left the city. Miss Woodruff met Selby in 1898 and was married to him in June of that year. Mrs. Corbett is the Californian boxer's second wife. His first wife secured a divorce from him upon statutory grounds, and got an order requiring him to pay 100dols. a month alimony, which was not to terminate even if she married again. When she did marry her second husband he would not allow her to continue to receive money from a pugilist. Her name was Olie Blake, and she married Corbett when he worked in a bank in San Francisco, before he ever dreamed of becoming the heavy-weight champion pugilist of the world. McCoy was in town last night, but was not visible to anyone save his brother Homer and Manager Grant. It is said that he is worrying over his wife's charges. At ten o'clock last night he notified Grant that he had secured a proper bondsman, and would give himself up to the authorities at 9.30 o'clock this morning. The "Kid" further said that he expects to win his suit and prove to the world that his wife's charges that he threw his recent encounter with Jem Corbett are untrue. It was learned that McCoy intends to spring a surprise on the public to-day by denouncing his wife as a person who is not responsible for her actions. It is understood that he will attempt to prove that his wife recently obtained 600dols. worth of diamonds from a local jewellery firm on false pretences. I called at Mrs. Selby's home in West Forty-fourth Street at eleven o'clock last Tuesday night in regard to the diamonds. "It is true that I purchased 600dols. worth of jewellery from Mrs Lynch," she said, "but I did so at his request. Before we had any trouble I received the privilege of going to any reputable firm in this city and securing

goods on account. He always paid the bills, and we had no trouble on this score. This practice exists among all respectable husbands who are true and trust their wives. Mrs. Lynch never said anything about the jewels, and I really thought that they were paid for. I don't want them, and if Mrs. Lynch will send one of her employés I will readily return them. If he should try to have me arrested on a charge of obtaining goods on false pretences he will be laughed at. His divorce suit against me will not stand. His brother, who served the papers on me, is not a responsible person. But no matter what he may do, I will not change my statement regarding Mr. Selby's late fight with Mr. Corbett. It was a fake, and my charges which I made are all true."

JOHN CONSIDINE AND "KID" McCOY

DENY THAT THE BATTLE WAS A FAKE.

THE DENIAL.

The mysterious departure of Jem Corbett, who, it is stated, is now on his way to Europe, and the declaration by his wife that his recent bout with "Kid" McCoy at Madison Square Garden was not fought strictly on the level was discussed with a good deal of vim in sporting circles yesterday. Friends of Corbett, who seem to be legion just now, have left nothing undone to defend the ex-champion, and they say without reserve that Mrs. Corbett's story is an untruth. They steadfastly declare that the accusation was prompted by a jealous woman who wishes to even scores with Corbett. Both John Considine, Corbett's partner, and McCoy issued statements yesterday relative to the late battle. Considine wants to know why Mrs. Corbett does not show better proof that the "mill" was a fake and convince the public that she is not trying to libel her husband out of mere spite. "Any person who saw the fight at the Garden," said Considine to me, "and says the battle was not a square one, does not know what he is taking about. McCoy was badly done up after the mill, and the punching which he received in the stomach was hard enough to stop ten ordinary men. If Mrs. Corbett is as fair and honourable as she wishes the public to believe why doesn't she show the stub of the alleged cheque calling for 500dols which she states McCoy received from her to act as willing party in the alleged fake? Why doesn't she show the letter which she says Corbett wrote her, in which he mentions anything about the fight or his intentions of leaving her because he feared both disgrace and exposure. A woman like Mrs. Corbett would be the last person in the world to be let in on any secrets of this sort, and in the face of it it seems absurd to give her remarks any credence. Mrs. Corbett is scarcely worthy of contradiction, but being Corbett's partner it is no more than proper that I should defend him in his absence. The night of the fight Jem came to me and said: 'What do you think, John? My wife is against me. When I left the house on the way to the Garden the last words she said were: 'I hope that McCoy knocks your head off.' If it was a 'fake' it is not likely that she would make a remark of this sort. This hurt Corbett more than anything else." Mrs. Corbett would not be interviewed yesterday. She left word when the reporters called at her residence on West Thirty-fourth Street that she was too ill to be seen. It was rumoured that she intends to follow Corbett to England and demand an explanation of his conduct toward her. McCoy last night gave out the appended statement: "Owing to the stories published to-day emanating from Mrs. Corbett that my late contest with Mr. Corbett was a 'fake,' I feel that it is necessary in justice to my friends and admirers as well as to myself, to state that her accusations are absolutely false and have no foundation whatsoever, and they are simply the utterances of a jealous woman. I am sure that the public would not, or could not, believe any stories circulated by Mrs. Corbett when they can plainly see that on the face of them the motive is pure malice and spite-work to revenge herself on Mr. Corbett, who she admits has deserted and mistreated her, and the old quotation, 'Hell knoweth no fury like a woman's scorn,' seems to be applicable in this instance. I did not have a representative to enter into any negotiations with Mr. Corbett, or any representative of his, to have him 'lay down' to me, as I would not take his or any other man's word in such an agreement. I am unable to see where either of us could have gained any prestige or money by being defeated. I fought a bad and wrong kind of a fight by smothering up and not being the aggressor. It was my intention to tire Corbett out, and when he was in that condition to beat him. I was in good condition and unhurt up to the time I received the hard punch in the stomach, a spot where it doesn't take a hard punch to incapacitate one from being able to fight for the few seconds allowed to recover. I I want to state now, as I did immediately after the contest, that I was defeated fairly and squarely, and have no one to blame but myself. But I still believe that I can beat Mr. Corbett, and hope some time in the near future to have another chance to prove it. I did intend to leave the city for a few weeks' vacation, but owing to false rumours now afloat I have decided to remain, and can be found at my place of business any day." Many sporting men suggest that it would not be a bad idea to have a public inquiry regarding the supposed unfair termination of the battle, to ascertain whether Mrs. Corbett is justified in denouncing it as not squarely fought. A similar inquiry was held in reference to Corbett's mill with Tom Sharkey at the Lenox A.C. a few years ago. Senator Timothy D. Sullivan fostered the idea at the time, but the proceedings did not develop anything of a sensational nature.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

LLOYD V. WILSON.

THESE MEN MET ON WEDNESday at Hexham House. Round 1. Wilson went for his man at once, and a gruelling bout ensued. Lloyd stuck to his guns, and the punishment for some time was equal, Wilson eventually weakening. There was a good deal of holding, and when on the ropes some heavy two-handed work. At the end of the round Lloyd's face bore evident signs of punishment. Round 2. Both led off with light lefts. Then there was some clinching, and Lloyd landed a left on the jaw which considerably steadied Wilson. The work was very wild, and not at all scientific. Thrice the Shields man got home a left, and then followed a lot of clinching and some hustling work, which brought Lloyd to the ropes. The holding continued, the referee being in the ring during the whole round. It was at this point anybody's contest. Round 3. No time was cut to waste before Lloyd landed a left swing on the side of the head. Then came a clinch, and some fast work during which the referee had again to intervene. Wilson then got the right home on the jaw five times without a reply, Lloyd going very weak and slipping to his knees. Wilson was doing all the work, principally with the left hand. He was warned for holding, and the crowd howled sympathetically. It was all Wilson's round, but both men were thoroughly ready for their rest. Round 4. Wilson, at the outset, landed a right swing on the jaw, and after a clinch sent the same hand home four times without any return worth the name. He forced Lloyd into his corner and punched him heavily on the ropes. Lloyd was very plucky and pounded Wilson until he also went very weak. The Shields man was stronger now, and Wilson's mouth had a very unpleasant look. Both clinched to save themselves, and there was little to choose between the pair at the finish. Round 5. Lloyd opened this round with a smashing left on the face, which started the blood again. There was more clinching, Wilson being the principal offender. The Shields man was the fresher, and forced the work. Wilson, however, came to, and after getting home the right on the jaw three times sent his man down. Just before a clinch, Lloyd got home a nice right upper-cut, and then some ding-dong work followed. It was another closely-contested bout, with Wilson the weaker man at the end. Round 6. Lloyd again led off with the left and scored, and then Wilson rushed to holds. The Newcastle boxer's left shoulder looked raw, while his face was a mass of blood. Lloyd upper-cut his man heavily with the right, and weaving in punished him severely. Wilson scored on the body and twice on the face, but persisted in holding. The round then ended, in favour of the Shields boxer. Round 7. There was an ineffective counter lead, and then Wilson scored twice with the right. Lloyd, however, got home with the same hand, Wilson then clinching. Wilson was again cautioned by the referee for his tactics and he then followed Lloyd across the ring, only to receive considerable punishment. Lloyd had quite freshened up now, while Wilson was tired. This was certainly Lloyd's round. Round 8 and last. Wilson's skin had assumed the tint of that of a Red Indian. After a short spar, Lloyd again got home with the left on the face, and then came a clinch. Lloyd went back towards a corner and could not recover himself, slipping down. They were soon at it again, and after Wilson had scored with the right on the jaw and punched his man twice in the wind, the Shields boxer showed signs of "grogginess." He came round, however, and with left and right sent Wilson down. The latter rose, only to be met with blows from both of his opponent's hands, which sent him to the floor again, where he lay until counted out.

THE CORFIELD V. PLIMMER CONTEST.

A DRAW.

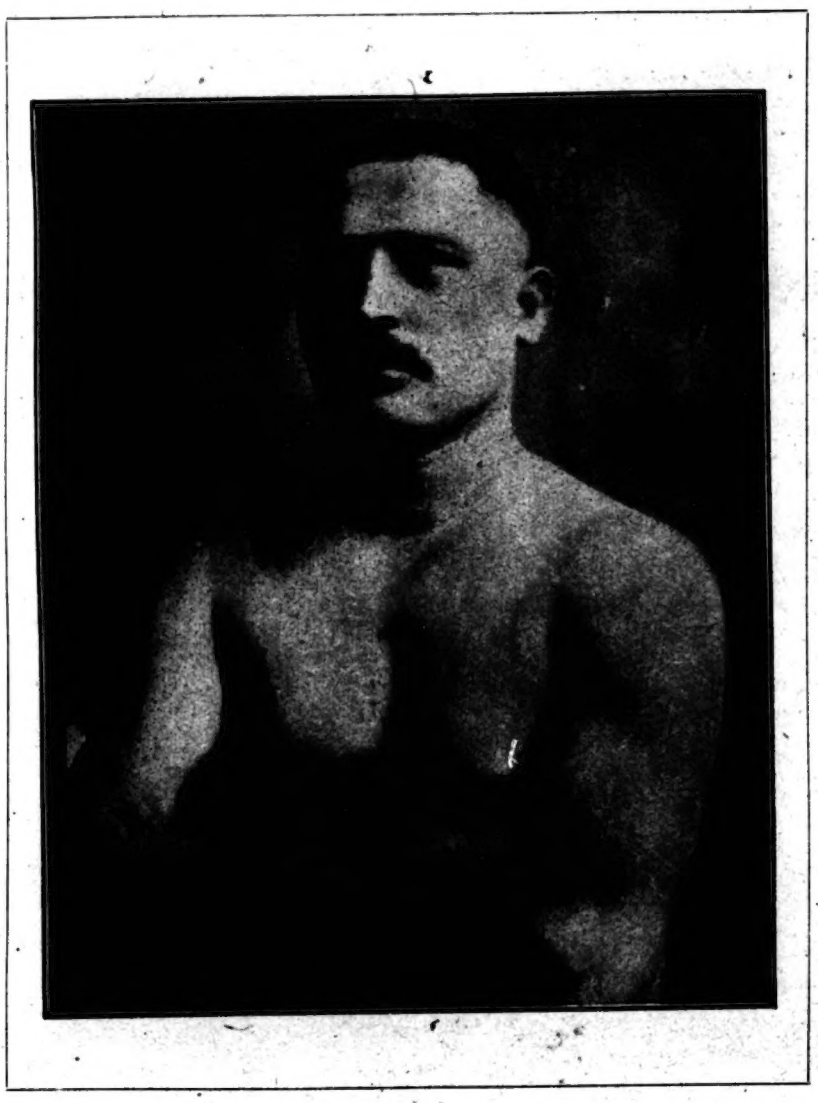
WE THINK A DRAW IS A MOST unsatisfactory way of deciding a contest. In twenty rounds it is, or should be, easy to discover a winner. Often referees say, after a contest when a draw has been their verdict, "So-and-So had the greatest number of points; but it was such a near thing I thought I would make it a draw." A draw is tantamount to standing well with both sides. In the case of Plimmer and Corfield, who contested on Friday night at the Stalybridge Gymnasium, there was nothing in it from start to finish. Not enough excitement to stir the blood of youth, let alone the slow-coursing fluid of middle age. Details: Round 1. After a spell of cautious work Plimmer reached the stomach, and caught a light return. Corfield sent the left on the cheek, and they came close and clinched; they were both wary, and neither took any liberties, each tapped the other lightly, and the round ended without any damage. Round 2. Plimmer weaved into the opposite corner, and got on the jaw with the right, Corfield clinching to save. Plimmer was still on the hunt after the Sheffielder, who was on the retreat, but managed to keep a direct left, and avoid the well meant intention. Then followed a deal of holding, Corfield doing most of it. The exchanges were not by any means heavy, and they went to their corners pretty evenly balanced. Round 3. Corfield tried with left for short ribs, but Plimmer was away out of reach, and he subsequently followed him about and drove the right in the side. Corfield replied with a body blow with the left, and afterwards bored the Birmingham man, who wound up with a flush right on the neck. Neither was, however, distressed, both using the utmost caution. Round 4. When they reached the centre Plimmer tried the left, but was short, and working Corfield into a corner, he got on the head with both hands, but with very little power. This escape led the Sheffielder to bring his left into play, and he reached the stomach, and there was another spell of holding, and when the whistle came to their assistance they showed no signs of wear. Round 5. Both particularly fresh. They immediately got to work, Plimmer trying for an opening. He sent the left on the neck, and worked for a right hook, but Corfield was away, and the chance gone. They countered again with the left, and Plimmer suddenly dwelt on the opposite dial. The work was, however, very temperate, and neither seemed ambitious to get to real business. Round 6. The Birmingham lad, as usual, on the aggressive, but was met with a straight left-handed punch which sent him backwards for a second. The men now got to close quarters, and tried all the tricks of the ring to get the better of each other. Plimmer was on the body, but Corfield was saving himself with splendid judgment, and was perfectly cool at the finish. Round 7. There was nothing serious observable when they took the centre. They had stood the half-dozen rounds well. Corfield was busy very early, and got the left home two or three times, when Plimmer, whose right eye bore traces of the visitations, drove the left on the body. He was now on the defence, Corfield making the running, and being on his man repeatedly with his left. Round 8. Plimmer was sent up apparently very fit, and he at once got to business, but missed a left lead, and was too far over. When he next tried Corfield's left was occasionally on the neck, and Plimmer now and again on the retreat. Both were evidently waiting for an open hit, but they boxed with great caution, and little of consequence was done. Corfield looked like taking a lead. Round 9. They did not waste any time on getting together, Corfield standing well within reach, and Plimmer jumping in only to get into holds. There was a good deal of clinching, and the fighting was far from being fast. Corfield sent his left in the ribs, and again on the side of the head, Plimmer leading with his left on the body, made an effort to bring his right over, but Corfield was out of the way. Round 10. There where no visible signs of punishment when they stood up for the half distance. Plimmer tried to hook his man with the right, and Corfield brought his left into play, getting in a smart flush hit, which roused Plimmer, who caught the Sheffielder in the wind with a stiff punch, which caused temporary annoyance. Quickly recovering, they were busy when the whistle sounded. Round 11. The seconds sent them up looking very fit, and for a spell they indulged in careful work of a light character, each waiting for a deserved opening. Plimmer was vicious with a straight left, which went over the Sheffielder's head. Corfield was content to jab the left now and again, one of them steadying Plimmer, who, however, was quickly right. Round 12. The exchanges betrayed very little anxiety, as both were desirous of not throwing a chance away. Corfield's left was the busier, and reached Plimmer's neck and head repeatedly, but the deliveries lacked power. Plimmer rushed in, but they came to holds, and his effort was of no consequence to the result. Corfield was evidently in the better condition. Round 13. Plimmer made an effort to force the pace, but he was met with a useful left, which steadied him. A little later he came across with his right, but found he was at the back of the Sheffielder's head-piece. This was tried again without success, and after a light jab by Corfield the round ended tamely. Round 14. The Sheffielder was very cool, and led for the body, but was short, after which Plimmer came with a rush, but failed to get on the desired spot. They were much in each other's way, and not much clean hitting was accomplished. Plimmer sent in his right on the ribs, and brought the left across, but with little damage, as Corfield was able to stop the punches. Round 15. Corfield was much the fresher, and was able to do smarter footwork, but Plimmer was often among his guard. Twice in succession Corfield sent the left on the face, Plimmer showing signs of the handiwork. Towards the end of the round Corfield was on the face, and with a hard left punch, sent Plimmer's head back. Round 16. Plimmer began to force matters, but could not break through the opposite guard. He was stopped often, and met a hard left, which, however, did not disturb him. He got to close range after, and then reaching the chest, he drove his right stiffly in the short ribs with considerable effect. Round 17. Considering the efforts, they both stood up fresh, and lost no time in getting together. Corfield jabbed the left on the stomach, and occasionally reached the face lightly. Plimmer tried for the body, and received a couple of hot ones on the neck. They were in holds for a time, when the interval came to their aid. Round 18. The Sheffielder was apparently the fresher of the two, but Plimmer went to his man, and kept him away with a direct left. He was worked later into a corner, and some of the exciting exchanges of the contest took place, the Birmingham lad retrieving what he seemed to have lost. Round 19. Plimmer again took the initiative, and popped the left home twice without a return. Corfield was content to keep him at bay with his left, but Plimmer was on the side of the head once or twice, the Sheffielder using his left with effect. The pace had not been fast. Neither bore traces of heavy punishment. Round 20 and last. As soon as they took the centre Plimmer stepped in to finish and rub off any possible arrears. He used all his best ring-craft, and fought with both hands with plenty of vigour, sending Corfield in the centre a couple of times. The Sheffielder recovered himself, and drove the left in Plimmer's face with effect, but the Birmingham lad went at it for all he knew, and overfought Corfield, making strenuous efforts to end it with a hook for the jaw, which in his eagerness he often missed. They were hard at it to the finish, when the referee, J. Haggerty, proclaimed the contest a draw.

KENSINGTON BOXING CLUB HELD their annual meeting for the election of officers, when the following gentlemen were called upon and duly found office: W. J. Mathews, president; Jessie Smith, Lew Baily, S. Nicklas, of the Duke of Sussex, Jno. Thomas, Joe Geoghan, of the Battersea Bridge Tavern, T. R. Hutchinson, of the Lord Clive, W. Brown, of the Bee Hive, A. Thompson, C. Turner, of the Devonshire Arms, W. Buxton, of the Prince Albert, C. Treadaway, of the Sun in Splendour, and F. Maguire; secretary, F. Neal; assistant-secretary, W. Hardie; captain, R. Martin; vice-captains, H. Smith, C. Preston, M. C. R. Hardie; the committee, R. Hardie, John Hardie, H. Lowe, F. Denham, W. Watson, R. Kirby, W. Morgan, A.B.A., F. Neal, F. Mathews.

A GENTLEMAN OF TOTTENHAM hearing that John Foster, of Ponder's End, is dissatisfied with his defeat from Bob Allen, would like to match Allen to fight him twenty rounds and give him all his weight in for not less than £10 a-side and the best purse offered, and will meet him at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office at any time and day prepared to stake some money to make a match. Allen hopes Foster will accept this else stop his public-house talk.

BERT NORTH WILL BOX ANY 9st man in Leeds, "Spike" Robson preferred, if Alec Thompson, of the Leeds Athletic Club, will find a purse.

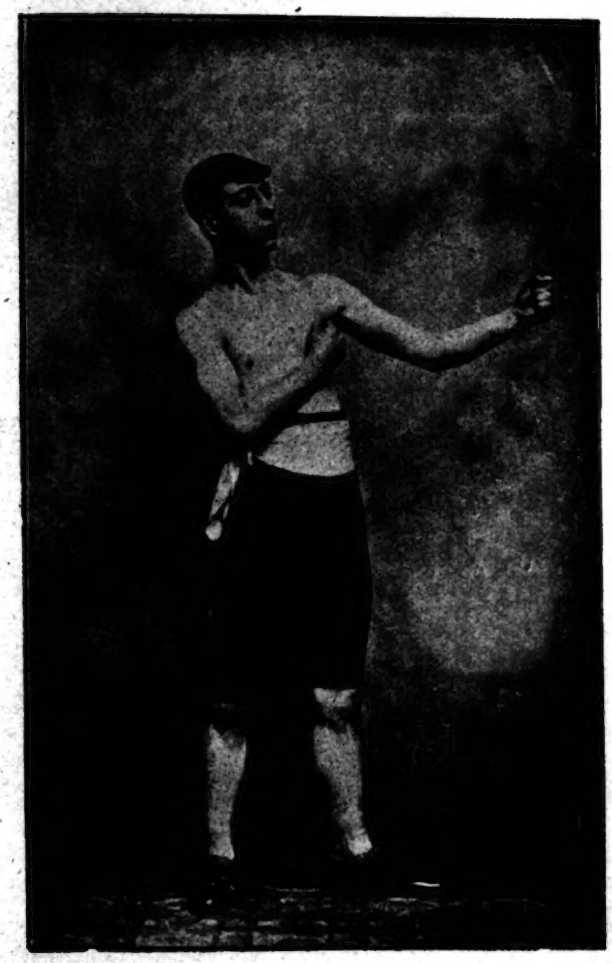
STOKER J. DORNEY, OF H.M.S. Severn, will be very pleased to box any lad in Chatham depôt at 7st, give or take 2lb, if Mr. C. Mannering, of New Brompton Hall, will give a purse worth boxing for. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will kindly oblige.



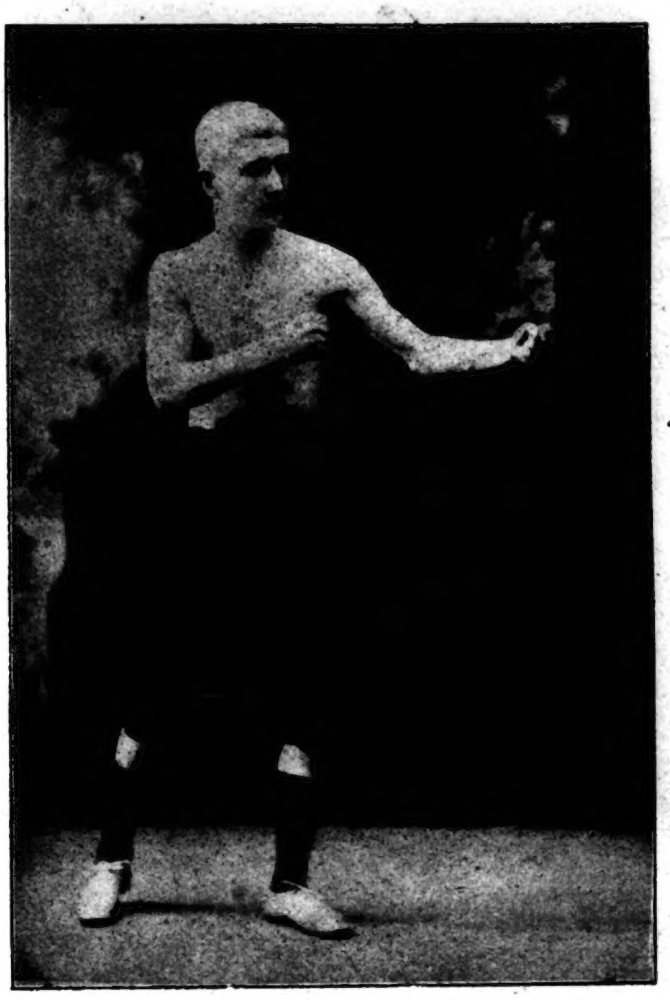
JACK SMITH,
A Well-known Wrestler of Stalybridge.

THE TICKING OF THE INSTRUMENT GAVE HER RIVAL THE NEWS.
Jealous and Angry they Fought at their Work.

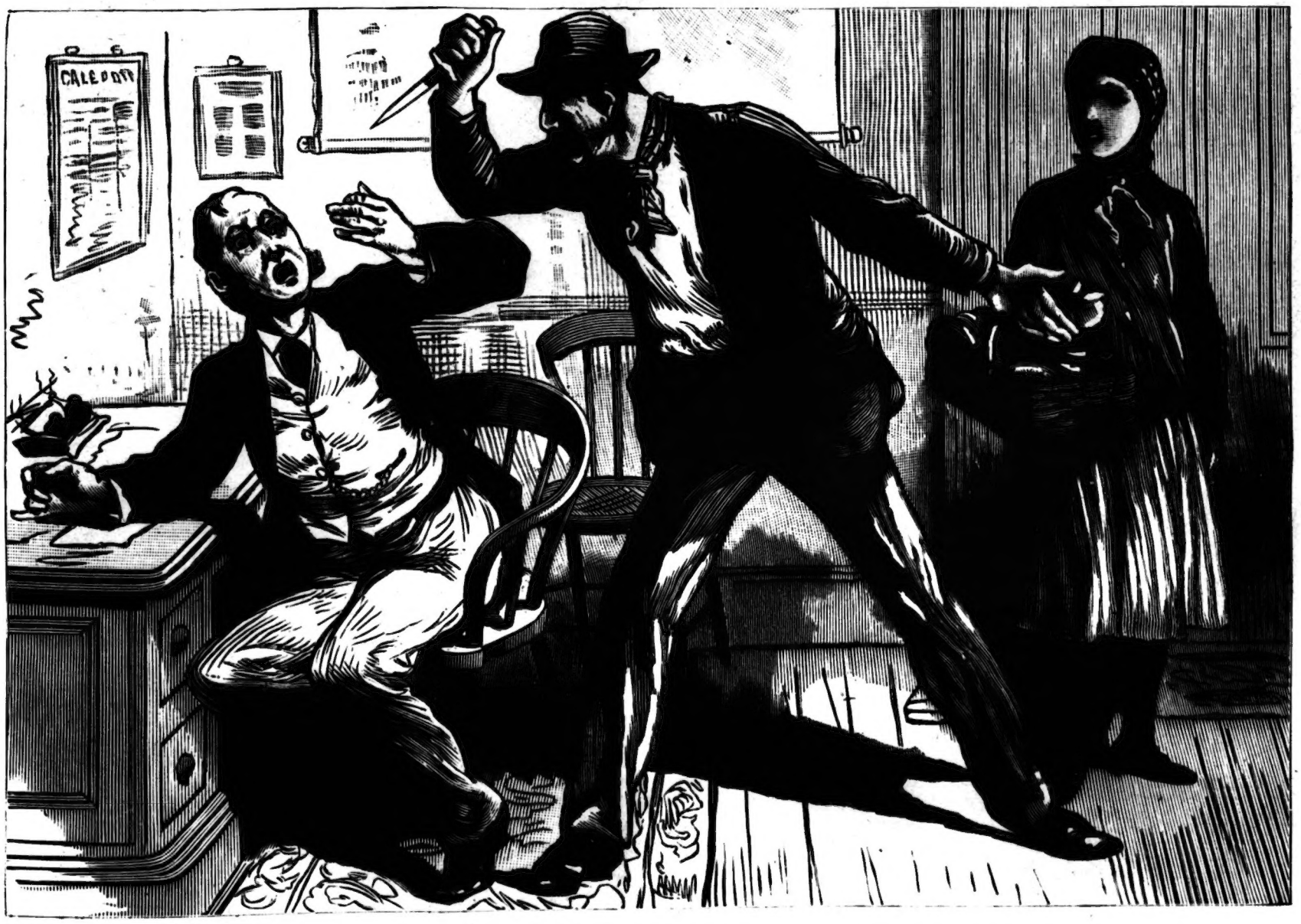
HELD UP THE CROUPIER OF A FARO BANK.
Four Masked Men Clear Out All the Money.



CHARLIE SMIRKE,
A Capable Little Boxer, who Met "Dido" Vardy at Newcastle, September 24.



"DIDO" VARDY,
Of Newcastle, who Met Charlie Smirke, of London, at Newcastle, September 24.



A LUNATIC'S STRANGE AND ALARMING BEHAVIOUR.
With a Drawn Knife He Threatens to Murder.

A WEALTHY ITALIAN SHOT IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

The Miscreant Escapes After Firing Two Shots.

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